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DECEMBER 10, 1910

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE question of the referendum, which has so surprisingly agitated various political but nervous minds during the last week or two, gives no anxiety to our friends on "the other side of the lantern." In Australia it is the rule in all the Legislatures that there should be a referendum on every question which touches the Constitution. When both parties have agreed to a measure, and to all the provisions concerned in it, if at any point the Constitution is affected the invariable rule is that the final decision shall be submitted to a referendum—that the voice of the people shall be unmistakably clear before such a measure becomes law. No objections are raised to this; in fact, the system is insisted upon by all parties. Why, it is pertinent to ask, should we in England distrust a process which works so admirably in the younger nation? Nothing but advantage can result from its judicious employment. Mr. Balfour, in a telegram sent last Tuesday to one of the Unionist candidates for Plymouth, clears up any doubts which may exist as to the efficiency of this method of appealing to the people. "Each voter," he says, "will have a right to give one vote and no more. There is no plural voting, and the gross inequalities due to differences in the size of constituencies will be avoided." Most of the objections to the adoption of the referendum vanish when attentively considered; indeed, it is difficult to discover any really cogent argument against it. Considered sanely and coolly (and "there's the rub," for when do we find the Radical politician of these days considering anything sanely and coolly?) the advantages of a trust in the people cannot be gainsaid. We allude to the subject of the referendum in another column, with especial emphasis on the points which all true lovers of their country have at heart—the avoidance of strife and the encouragement of social reform.

It has been said during the past week that the managers of a well-known New York music hall have cabled to Mr. Lloyd George offering him an enormous weekly salary

if he will "organise an American campaign against the Lords," the conditions being that he is to speak twice daily on "Limehousing lines." Whether the story be a humorous skit on the peculiar eloquence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer or not, such an offer might easily come within the bounds of possibility, and it is a very severe comment upon the style of oratory to which Mr. Lloyd George has descended. Dignity, stateliness, impressive argument, are cast to the winds, and the "Limehouse manner" will take its place in political language as a term of reproach. Liveliness in a speech can surely be achieved without so deplorable a concession to the demands of an electorate which will have its laugh, no matter how uninspired the wit.

Amid the turmoil of the party strife which rages so fiercely in one corner of this revolving planet of ours, it is a relief to turn for a moment to larger, if less exciting, matters. Professor Bickerton has come all the way from New Zealand to expound to British scientific men his new theory of how our universe "keeps going," and his ideas, as expressed before an appreciative audience at the Royal Colonial Institute on December 2, were distinctly interesting. For many years the attention of astronomers all over the world has been directed to the phenomena of "star-drift"—the movement of the distant spheres through space, which, when disentangled from our own complicated planetary motions, appears to be fairly steady. By its aid several theories have already been constructed—one of which was the now discarded idea that the star Alcyone, in the constellation of the Pleiades, was the central sun round which all other visible worlds pursued their solemn, stately journey. To Professor Bickerton, however, belongs the credit of evolving another conception. He believes that the two great "drifts" of the Milky Way, two immense streams of stars travelling in contrary directions, occasionally interfere with each other. Mutual attraction causes collisions between worlds; the two damaged globes continue on their course (surely, though, diverted into fresh orbits), but the fiery pieces which form the *débris* of the impact coalesce into a new sun—the blazing "temporary star" which at intervals puzzles the observer. The process is, in fact, a kind of continual re-birth of the universe. Whether this suffices to explain the apparent immutability of the heavens it is for scientists to say. It would seem, however, to the lay mind, that in the absence of fresh energy and fresh heat, there still remains the conclusion that in the nature of things, after æons incalculable have passed, the worlds must "grow old like a garment" and spin slowly and yet more slowly into silence and death.

The death of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy at her home in Massachusetts during the past week removes the remarkable leader of an extraordinary society. With a persistent and almost sublime faith in her powers she insisted to the very last in her adherence to that belief which has become widely known under the denomination of "Christian Science." At various times this strange creed has come before the public in a rather unenviable light, and, we are bound to say, has been the object of much undeserved ridicule by those who probably have not taken the trouble to study its doctrines. Criticism, however, is a different matter, and in the astonishing length to which many Christian Scientists have carried their principles there is plenty of room for criticism of the most emphatic description. The attempt to heal diseases, both organic and functional, by "faith" may be based soundly enough on

certain passages of Scripture, but at the present day the prayer and faith of the average man have to be energetically assisted by works—and, if we mistake not, there were physicians in the days of Christ. In other words, the only conceivable thing to do in case of illness is to ring up the doctor. In Dr. Stephen Paget's admirable book, "The Faith and Works of Christian Science," published about a couple of years ago, any inquiring reader may find an expert discussion of the whole methods of the "healers," supported by scores of examples; and in a pamphlet supplementary to that volume, issued, we believe, early in the present year, some cases are described which might be termed ludicrous, were it not for an element of pathos in such exhibitions of human credulity. One of the "healers" even went to the length of attempting to cure a horse by "distant" treatment; and instances of serious results through the neglect of medical advice abound. "Mind is all and matter is naught"—the notion which Mrs. Eddy promulgated—may sound pretty and may fascinate those who have nothing better to do than to take up "freak" theories and spend money on pleasant "cults," but it is a very dangerous one to put into practice. To ignore scientific knowledge is to be foolish, in any case; but to ignore it when human suffering is concerned is simply to be idiotic—if not something worse.

The unqualified medical practitioner has recently claimed the attention of the Local Government Board, for in his ignorance he constitutes a grave danger to people but slightly less ignorant who consult him. Sixteen hundred officers of health, in all parts of the United Kingdom, have contributed information which is now embodied in a Blue Book which will serve as a basis for operations. Cough mixtures, administered in cases of consumption which required expert diagnosis; small-pox treated as chicken-pox; ointments given when even a doctor's skill would be taxed to cure the disease from which the poor patients were suffering—these are but a few of the evils noted. The kindly chemist, too, may err in his excess of zeal. He cures—or tries to cure—our toothache, if we shrink from the chill embrace of the dentist's chair; he doses us with quinine and iron if we feel "low"; he sells us slippery little lozenges for a troublesome throat; but he must not go too far in the healing art, for his knowledge of the intricate formulæ of the elements will not enable him to combine them always to the best advantage as would the physician in his prescriptions. The "patent medicine" vendor also comes under censure, and altogether the collection of this material in a handy and useful form is a sensible bit of business which must be highly commended.

The collision on Monday morning at Willesden Junction, from which unhappily three deaths and a large number of injuries resulted, is a reminder that even in these days of well-nigh perfect mechanism and elaborate devices for our protection from a slip on the part of the human element, things will sometimes go wrong. What particular failure of the usual precautions allowed the 8.30 Watford to Broad Street train to dash into the Watford to Euston train, which was delayed at Willesden for the examination of season tickets, the inquiry will probably explain; but we may be fairly sure that there was no laxity on the part of the railway authorities. Our Post-office organisation, our police, and our systems of railway management are the perennial admiration of foreign visitors, and the man who is inclined to complain need only stand at one of our great terminal stations between 8 and 9 o'clock on any week-day morning—on the bridge at Liverpool Street, for example—to wonder at the precision and punctuality and safety of the railway service. The occasional accident, perhaps, will never be totally eliminated; it is deplorable when it occurs, but it is a chance in a million.

THE TRIUMPH

In the years that are almost gone,
In the life that the gods approve,
Three things I have never known:
Anger, and Fear, and Love.

Only, in storm-swept space,
I have seen their work with the rest,
The sweat on a lifted face,
The wound on a sinking breast.

And still as I measured the three,
I have sworn with an equal mind,
That they never should make of me
The sport they made of my kind.

But, now as the night comes near,
And each man dreams at his door,
And Anger, and Love, and Fear,
Are things he will meet no more,

I could wish I had met the three,
Betimes, in splendour and strife,
To have mastered them quietly,
And drawn them into my life.

For as long as the years go by,
And the shadows pass and re-pass,
Whoever comes where I lie,
Will find their track in the grass;

And the sun must with tears be wet,
The knees of the Gods bent low,
Before a soul can forget,
The truths that it would not know!

G. M. H.

WHO SAID TRUST?

Mr. Balfour, in his speech at the Albert Hall, expounded the gospel of trust in the people. That gospel is no new one for the Unionist party to preach, and what is more to the point, it is no new gospel for the party to practise. Most of the social legislation for the benefit and freedom of the masses during the last fifty years has been initiated and carried through by the Conservative party. It may be thought that I am making a claim for that party—that they are exclusively possessed of political virtue. I am doing nothing of the sort. My knowledge of the East End is limited, and I am not a master of the language which is now used to substantiate such a claim. The reason why the Conservative party has achieved more in the domain of social reform than has the Radical party is, I think, referable to the fact that it has been content to proceed on lines of the least resistance. Its aim has been amelioration, not strife. Perhaps it is a hard saying to suggest that the Radical party deliberately seeks strife. It is nevertheless true that it proceeds on the lines which invariably produce it. The Radical politician is not so

much concerned to build up as he is to pull down. Hence his appeals to class hatred, his foul language against those who have accomplished far more than he has for the welfare of his adoptive clients, and his resulting impotence to achieve the objects of which he proclaims himself to be the one and only champion. In this world more is accomplished by sweet reasonableness than by rage and fire and fury. That view—if it be true, and in the light of history it will be difficult to controvert it—is the solution of the ameliorative bankruptcy of the Radical party.

The knowledge of failure invariably produces spleen.
 "Compound for sins they are inclined to,
 By damning those they have no mind to."

I wish to be impartially just to the Radical-Socialist coalition, and, therefore, I will acquit them of having no mind to damn the Unionist party. It may, however, be asked *cui bono?* The people's cause is surely sacrificed, whilst useful progress is smothered and swept away beneath a torrent of calumny and abuse, from which Billingsgate recoils, acknowledging defeat.

Mr. Balfour has proclaimed the faith of his party in eloquent words: "Trust, and trust alone the solid sense, the sound judgment, and the enlightened patriotism of the people of the country." Such a profession of faith does not and cannot exclude the possibility of error on the part of the people. But at least it is a message of confidence, an exhortation addressed to the better and not to the baser emotions of the people.

A further step. On any fundamental question touching the Constitution or the Empire the people are to be directly consulted by means of a poll. "Perish the thought, I'll none of it," shout the Radical-Socialist Irish cohorts. The Chancellor and Mr. Churchill are scandalised—who were never scandalised before. Mr. Asquith immediately advances the heavy artillery of one of his jokes—surpassing in subtlety that of uproarious memory, "wait and see." Thus Mr. Asquith: "In the past, I indulged in a mild and transient passage, which might be called flirting with the Referendum." Unhappily, it is not the only flirtation which at the bidding of his master's voice he has entered into in the past, and will unfortunately be in a position to enter into in the future. The Prime Minister, in his intense desire to prolong his official life, will take orders from anyone or anywhere, whether it be Ballyhooley, Mile End, or Bonnie Dundee.

"They do not like it," said Mr. Balfour at Sheffield, alluding to his policy of trust in the people. Of course they do not; they know the people too well, they made their acquaintance too intimately at the polls in January last. Poll of the People! As welcome the Ghost of Banquo!

Challenged by Mr. Balfour whether they will submit Home Rule as a separate issue to the poll of the people, their answer is given in downright language, admitting of no possible error—they will not. Will they submit the question of Tariff Reform as a separate issue to the people? No, by jove! Will they submit the Second Chamber question as a separate issue to the people? Damn it! No! Will they submit any possible question as a separate issue to the people? Limehouse! No!

Trust in the people! Will they ever learn the lesson? The people are quite useful for other purposes; they are often credulous, they often err through folly and sometimes through ignorance carefully imparted, but trust them! Bur-r-r!

Cecil Cowper.

THE CRITICAL BALANCE

It has often been remarked, by readers who have found themselves displeased by a column of praise or blame allotted to a book, that "after all it is only the opinion of one man." By that disparaging utterance they mean to imply that the criticism may be waived aside, treated as immaterial, relegated to the realm of unimportant things.

By so hasty a conclusion, specious though it may seem, a lack of judgment and logical reasoning is displayed. The opinion of the individual critic cannot be regarded as isolated, neither can it be taken as being based entirely upon his own tastes and temperament. Inevitably, if it is worth anything, it is arrived at, not by personal like or dislike for the thing criticised, but by comparison with certainly fairly definite standards; it is, in fact, a condensation of innumerable other opinions uttered long before he was born. "They say," wrote gentle George Herbert, "that it is an ill mason that refuseth any stone; and there is no knowledge but, in a skilful hand, serves either positively as it is, or else to illustrate some other knowledge." The faculty of assimilation, the power to absorb the results of wide reading and study in such a way that the mind shall make those necessary comparisons and form a just verdict almost without conscious thought or labour, in one of the rarest; he who possesses this virtue might almost be termed a critic by nature, were it not that so much genuine hard work is imperative before it can become useful to any great or trustworthy extent. For, although undoubtedly there does exist such a gift as intuition—an inborn, normal tendency to judge rightly—it is of small value unless supported by a solid basis of knowledge. Wordsworth, for example, caring little for printed books but infinitely for the book of nature, was an indifferent critic, and estimated the critical faculty as one of small account. Swinburne, student through and through, deeply versed in the literature of at least three countries, was an excellent critic save when his magnificent enthusiasm for France and for certain French writers distorted his point of view and betrayed him into a flood of panegyric. If it be true, as Matthew Arnold said, that the English critic must dwell much on foreign thought, Swinburne should have been in the front rank—and would have been, had not poetry claimed his highest energies. Arnold himself, an omnivorous reader, equally at home in French or German, Greek or Latin, with his cool, well-ordered mind, his avoidance of rhapsody, his level, almost judicial sentences with their strangely legal turn, was as a rule an admirable judge of other people's work. James Russell Lowell, though he blamed Thoreau harshly and patronised the "Atalanta in Calydon," was as fine a critic, perhaps, as America has produced.

Criticism, then, is an art, and as such has its period of apprenticeship, during which the laggard will grow tired of his craft and the wise will excel. As an art, too, it is bound by laws, some of them rigid barriers, to pass beyond which means failure; others elastic, to be disregarded occasionally by the master-mind. It has been said that a malicious criticism had better never have been written; but the phrase "malicious criticism" is, strictly speaking, a contradiction in terms. The genuine critic cannot be malicious—he dare not; he watches, ponders, and notes down faults if they be present, with no thought of rancour; he praises or blames with equal impartiality. If he yields to the temptation to say a smart thing for its own sake, to flash out a brilliant epigram for his own glorification or for the bitterness of others, he poisons his arrows, fails in his business, and is on the way to become a negligible quantity. His business is primarily to judge and to elucidate, not to give pleasure or pain, nor to seek applause for his wit and wisdom. If, having done his duty, such applause comes his way, so much the better for him; he has in that case probably earned it thoroughly; if he is blamed, it need matter naught to him.

The question as to what constitutes the critical standard has often been discussed. Why is it that certain names represent, and always will represent, fine thought, exquisite poetry, the best in art, the most perfect in form; and by whose arbitrary taste has their position thus been irrevocably fixed? The only possible answer seems to be that no arbitrariness enters into the matter at all; the works of these great writers—for the present we confine ourselves to literature—have received the verdict of approbation from the universal taste of the best among mankind, and have been proved and tried by successive generations. Their reputation is established on a foundation as of eternal granite, and we should merely laugh at the modern rebel who attempted to persuade us that Demosthenes and Cicero were poor orators, or that Homer was unworthy to be read—could such a person be supposed to exist. Flaws, and even serious lapses, may be pointed out; they may doubtless be found in any great work of art, be it poem, or picture, or symphony, provided it be big enough; but the great picture is not truly judged by scanning a few square inches of it under a magnifying lens and complaining of a coarseness of texture here, a blemish of surface there, an error in proportion elsewhere. The good critic sees largely, has the open mind, hates the methods of the microscope. "Criticism," said William Sharp, himself a finely sympathetic critic, "is a rare and fine art—the marriage of science that knows and spirit that discerns."

In later times the standard is jealously kept by men of all nations—Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, Balzac, Taine, Addison, Dryden, Swift, Fielding—the list might be extended almost indefinitely until we arrived at our own age, to greet the skilled workers who were with us but yesterday—Swinburne and Meredith; and others who are happily still with us—Thomas Hardy, Henry James. By such grand artists the standard is set afresh, in varying ways, and to them each and all has fallen the reward, not of popularity—rarely indeed does that come to the conscientious writer—but of the approbation, admiration, and we dare even say the affection, of the best minds of their time, irrespective of nationality. Such a decision, we may boldly infer, cannot but be correct.

Herein, however, lies a danger; for how is the critic to say when a new genius puts forth its buds—those modest buds which may contain a rare, hitherto unknown flower, or which may prove nothing but the shrouds of spoil, or cankered blossoms? "No man will ever become a good writer or speaker," said Dr. Hugh Blair in his old-fashioned but sound "Lectures on Rhetoric," "who has not some degree of confidence to follow his own genius." Truly the critic must walk delicately, for his task is difficult and complicated; at the present day, however, it is lightened by the fact that most of the neophytes who in prose and poetry give evidence of a personal faith in the novelty of their own genius are discounted by a certain lordly contempt which they show for the rules of grammar and the canons of composition. It is pathetic to read their work, but the critic may smile and pass on; he is confronted by no dilemma. He knows that the man whose repertoire consists of three hymn-tunes and a waltz is often deaf to the strains of Beethoven.

Easy enough it must be, in all conscience, thinks the clever commercial man or the expert in stock markets, to criticise other people's writings; the reply of the school-boy who, when asked what he would like to be when he grew up, said, "A reporter, because you only want some paper and pens," would seem to apply equally well, in the outsider's opinion, had that precocious youth desired to be a critic. But put the scoffer behind the scenes and he will tell a different tale. Let him listen to Blair picking Addison to pieces—"A Critical Examination of the Style of Mr. Addison, in No. 411 of the *Spectator*"—and he will learn a thing or two about the English language. Let him hear Dr. Johnson discussing Addison, Burke, Swift, and a score of others; then let him hear Carlyle talking about Dr. Johnson: "An original man—not a second-hand, borrowing, or begging man. . . . One

of our great English souls. . . . Brave old Samuel: *ultimus Romanorum!*" Let him read, to come nearer to our own day, Arnold's dignified reply to Newman in the "Last Words on Translating Homer," and then—but perhaps he need not read any more, for the boldness of the sceptic will by this time surely be lessened. Critics, these great men, all of them, and each criticised in his turn; but what fine fellows!

Johnson, in the *Idler*, with his tongue in his cheek, scorned the critic. "Criticism," he wrote, "is a study by which men grow important and formidable at a very small expense. The power of invention has been conferred by nature upon few, and the labour of learning those sciences which may by mere labour be obtained, is too great to be willingly endured; but every man can exert such judgment as he has upon the works of others, and he whom nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of a critic." There is a Swiftian sting about this, but within it lurks also a serious fallacy. A critic who based his reputation on such unstable material would not last long; his house would be built on the sand, and the wind of a withering contempt would soon bring it tumbling about his ears. "There is no arguing with Johnson," said Oliver Goldsmith, "for when his pistol misses fire he knocks you down with the butt end of it." We like Dr. Johnson and enjoy his bluff ways, but we do not always believe him. Contrast these domineering, sarcastic words with the illuminating, epigrammatic statement of William Sharp: "The basis of criticism is imagination; its spiritual quality is sympathy; its intellectual distinction is balance." What could be better?

Sympathy is the golden key which unlocks the halls of diverse thought; imagination, like some potent Eastern magician, swings her silver lamp and shows the beauty of each spacious chamber; sometimes, too, she illumines the dusty corners, the cobwebbed walls, the incongruous furnishings of those mysterious habitations. Without these gentle guardians, the critic is not safe; he may make the most calamitous mistakes. He may stab cruelly when he should have rebuked gravely; may chastise with scorpions when a scourging with whips would have sufficed; may deal a mortal wound when a judicious castigation might have left the object of his wrath—not, be it noted, his animosity—determined to strive manfully for better results next time. For the critic must remember that when he finds punishment inevitable, his design is neither to kill nor to disable, but to correct. "Do justice, love mercy," is a splendid motto for him whose duty it is to pass in review the efforts of his fellow-men.

There are occasions, of course, when criticism is compelled to be merciless, since hides are thick nowadays, and a sharp weapon neatly wielded is needed in order to check the blind charge of pachydermatous mediocrity. Some authors should be behind the counter of a shop, or expressing their weariful individuality in the columns of ledgers; some "artists" should be banished to a world "without form and void"—and colourless; some "composers" should write their songs and play their own "pieces" immured alone in sound-proof, padded rooms; probably certain critics would be all the better for "something with boiling oil in it." But our point is that the critical balance must ever be in a condition of very delicate adjustment. An inconsiderate critique is worse than useless.

This brings us within sight of our conclusion, which is that only with the aid of sympathy and imagination can the critic (who may be presumed to have achieved some measure of intellectual distinction) hope by the discovery of fresh talent to serve his day and generation; to serve, possibly, future generations. "He who discerns nothing but Mechanism in the Universe," said a great philosopher, "has in the fatallest way missed the secret of the Universe altogether." He who strides through the winter seeing no spring before him, who decides in his dour heart that the gods are dead, that Pan will pipe no more, that the days of inspiration are for ever past, makes poor work

as a critic. He may live to repent bitterly the savage, thoughtless attack, the harsh, untimely word, so quickly penned, so hardly resisted; it may be that his fierce east wind of which he is so proud blasts into silence and death some corner of an enchanted garden, where blossoms gave promise of fruit and birds awaited the call to song. It is as easy to kill a fragrant bloom as to kill a weed; both may be very much alike when their first leaves appear above the earth in the light of dawn. He who sincerely desires the good, who holds dear the welfare of the world in so far as it can be furthered by his own particular sphere of endeavour, will be very cautious before he unleashes the forces of destruction. Having deliberated and decided, let him then act fearlessly and surely, for he will be able to defend what he has written against any attack; but, above all, let him bear in mind the "spiritual quality of sympathy," the "intellectual distinction and balance." Only thus can the critic prove true to his name, and only thus can he help forward the triple, indivisible causes of art, beauty, and humanity.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

THE EXTINCTION OF POSE: A LAMENT

THIS is a drab age. The cancer of commonplace has spread over everything. In social life one searches in vain for a modern Brummel, a twentieth century D'Orsay. Politics have fallen into vulgarity. The old ripe picturesque note is struck no more. For the most part the army has lost its colour and has become tainted with the monotonous brown of khaki. The navy, once so mellow and so bold, has dwindled into a machine, and even among the Arts—especially among the Arts—there is no longer that touch of delicious exaggeration, of studiously whimsical exaggeration of disingenuous Bohemianism which provided Du Maurier with subjects and Gilbert with matter for satire. With Gladstone there was buried the last great political figure. The thunder of eloquence and the flashes of pyrotechnical word-displays no longer fill the air. Their place has been taken in Parliament by the barkings of demagogues, the snarlings of Socialists, and the unpleasant whinnings of Nonconformist bourgeois. There is in the social world a sense of cheapness, of self-consciousness, and of fear of ridicule. No longer are to be found any members of the old régime, any men who carry on the great airs of the early-Victorian era. Colloquialism has taken the place of the well-rounded period and cosmopolitanism has stepped into the shoes of exclusivism. There is no longer a charmed circle hedged round with the ha-ha fence. The gates of Society are as open to all comers as the enclosure at Ascot. It is only a matter of payment. From Art, the death of Whistler removed the last delicious note of pose, and from the stage picturesqueness went out with Irving. To-day the satirist is dumb. The caricaturist has turned landscape painter, and the writer of *vers de société* is forced to fall back upon love. It is very sad.

From the wilderness I raise my voice and cry aloud for the revival of pose. I put forward a plea for the return of the picturesque. I search pitifully among the multitude for even one great figure, for one whimsical creature who is imbued with the spirit of the fantastic, one man strong enough to be intellectually tyrannical. Politics, Society, the Studio, and the Stage vie with each other in the glorification of the common-place, and Literature has caught the infection. With the disappearance of Huxley, Tennyson, and Meredith, Literature has become as barren of colour as the rest. To-day it is the aim of the artist, the actor, and the man of letters, just as it is the aim of the Society man and the politician, to cultivate a sameness of appearance, a dulness of exterior. Personality is hurriedly smothered beneath the orthodox grey serge. The Bohemian has left his lair and is to be found on the sunny side of Bond Street. His ambition now is to be

mistaken for a gentleman. He shudders at the very thought of eccentricity, and the charming word bizarre causes him to splutter with indignation. Orthodoxy is his fetish and broadcloth his daily wear. The actor, once so unmistakable, grows hair upon his upper lip and cultivates the stiff knee of the cavalry officer. Snobbishness has been mixed with his grease-paint and the mystery of the green-baize door has been dissipated by the substitution of polished mahogany. Bonhomie and vagabondage have fallen before the charity bazaar and the Society *matinée*. The dignity of "Mr." has gone. Knighthood has found its way into the green-room and robbed it of its character. The Stage is fed by the University, the Squire's house, and the rectory. There is no longer any glamour to the footlights. Make-up has found its way into the street and knights retire before the clock strikes twelve. The shrill laughter of Thespis no longer disturbs the peace of the ordinary citizen in his bed. Bridge is played in actors' clubs, and electric lifts make it impossible for the stone stairs to be rubbed away by the feet of the members of The Profession. In the studio, hirsute men no longer stand before the easel garbed in velvet. The wideawake and sombrero hang dusty upon the peg. The sporting cap and the bowler hat have replaced them. Evening clothes and cigarettes have taken the place of hartogs and the briar pipe. Caviare is to be found where cheese was wont to be, and Contrexéville water where once was beer. The landscape painter standing among the buttercups is indistinguishable from the golf enthusiast. Painters and draughtsmen have ceased to regard themselves as beings born under a particular star freed from the irksome restraints of conventionality, a *coterie* intellectually above the common herd, to whom light and laughter exclusively belong. They are, to-day, mere tradesmen in line and colour, desirous only of competing socially with brothers in the city. In the houses the studio is not so important as the billiard-room, and there is a silver tray in all their halls for the reception of pasteboards. It is the passbook and not the sketchbook to which their eyes turn now, and they take unto themselves wives where once they studied nature. Literature has fallen into an even more parlous state. Novelists and dramatists drive their motor-cars, are to be found dallying with the afternoon tea cup in the purlieus of Mayfair and herding together suspiciously in all the glory of clean linen at the Criterion Restaurant. Parquet has taken the place of the sanded floor, the string band of the old glad chorus, and the reviewer, once anathema, stays at country cottages for the week-end. Gone are the golden words of the masters of yesterday. To-day the typewriting machine taps out the stream of unweighed sentences that finds its way at so much per thousand words into the pages of the ever-increasing mass of popular magazines. Writing has become a business and is no longer the accident of inspiration. Of giants there are none, and literary poseurs have descended from their stilts. Writers tread the dead level of mediocrity, and, like journalists, live upon each other. Respectability is their trademark, and the guinea their goal. Writing is no longer a joy. It is a trade, and the empty places beside the monuments of the great dead cannot be filled. There are no competitors. The modern writer gives no thought to monuments. His mind is filled with the ambition to build about his living form the bright red bricks of villadom. In the scamper after guineas he has no time to cultivate a presence, no inclination to make a personality. The very dignity of letters has gone. The novelist is but a journalist at home, and the dramatist a man who cannot write a novel. It is clear, therefore, that with the extinction of pose, something very much more serious is lacking in this age than the want of the remarkable figure, the eccentric personality, the whimsical and fantastic creature who struts his short hour upon the stage of life and leaves a blank behind him. Something more is brought about by the non-existence of the poseur than the loss of satire and pleasant ridicule. The old poseurs of the Stage, of Art, and of Letters took themselves seriously. They genuinely believed that they were heaven-sent, inspired, and, under

the firm impression that they were geniuses, they worked, not in order to meet the demands of immediate necessity, but for posterity. Time was needed for posing, and, in consequence, they laid less work at the feet of their muses. They wrote, painted, and acted with one eye on the empty niche among the gods. They were content with simpler things here below in order that they might stand shoulder to shoulder among the wearers of the bay leaf in eternity.

COSMO HAMILTON.

GERMANY AS SHE IS—V.

THE German character is essentially of a heavy build; the individual traits are of a solid and weighty nature, and the whole is bound together with the rivets of sound common-sense. It may be compared to a giant palace, magnificent but sombre in the simplicity of its outline; the antithesis of those beautiful jewelled towers of phantasy which are only found among the Latin races. But the solid German fortress is well qualified to stand the battle in the modern and material world. It is not liable to crumble before the fiery storms of sentiment and passion, and its walls are not shaken by political agitation. It is severely plain in its design, with none of those carved adornments which render the Latin castles so beautiful. It stands a mighty and imposing mass, and when we have penetrated with difficulty through the closed door which only earnestness can open, we are lost in the profundity of the dark passages beyond. We wander ill at ease wondering if we shall ever penetrate to the heart of this gloomy palace—one so different from that fairy Latin castle, whose silver gates fly open to the key of sympathy, and whose passages, flooded with golden light, and lined with porcelain and jewels; whose walls are hung with tapestries almost Oriental in their splendour, and whose floors are spread with sweet-smelling flowers, and where the niches are adorned with classic statues, which seem animated with the spirit of a younger age. In one room of the palace the goddess of love seated on a throne of porphyry, seems to spread beauty all around her, her chosen handmaidens grouped about her throne. There lies the fair Helen whose beauty caused a nation's ruin. And there upon a damask-covered couch, decked o'er with rich-hued flowers, lies Cleopatra, her arms outstretched to lure an Emperor to his ruin; and her lesser handmaids, the Pompadours and Montespan, whose luxurious robes seem stained with the blood of a bleeding nation. Then we come to a hall sumptuous in its adornment and lighted by many candles. But stretched upon a bier in its centre lies a rotting corpse clad in pontifical gold, a cross is in its hand, and the jewelled tiara on its brow. Incense burns at its feet, and dissolution's hand has touched the flowers which deck its bier. A hungry wolf prowls around the chamber, and his cry is as the cry of oppressed nations. And we hasten from the chapel where this relic of Catholic Rome lies rotting in its splendour.

A gaunt and restless figure wanders through the halls of the castle, breaking the beautiful things which adorn its walls. When he sees some new work, born of genius, his face lights up with a horrid gleam, and in a moment he spoils the labour of a lifetime. He cries the while, I am the spirit of satire, the breaker of images, and consumer of beauty. A gaily dressed and merry figure runs laughing everywhere, and ceases not to laugh before a bed where a maiden sheds bitter tears upon a lifeless babe which lies encircled in her arms. And one cried: He is the spirit of modern wit, and assists with laughter at the death-bed of illusion. What a contrast the Teutonic palace presents to our gaze. Its halls are great and bare, and filled with mist, and we cannot measure their true extent. We seem to grope towards grand carved beauties which loom through the clouds, almost divine in their obscure splendour. Wonderful fair-haired women are there, but of a different race from the Helens and the Cleopatras.

Their faces are stamped with a certain sentimental melancholy and deep trueness. They do not seem to lure men to their ruin, but rather to worship and to save them. There looms a lovely figure through the mist; at her feet lies a dead child. But even in her fall she seems to have retained her maiden beauty, for her soul is untouched; and Margaret leans out from the clouds and draws Faust back from the depths of hell. And the beautiful Brunhilda, a look of eternal love in her eyes, and mounted on her godly steed, leaps eagerly upon the funeral pyre to mingle her ashes with those of her beloved Siegfried. And Elizabeth dead upon her bier, reclaims the lost ones of Venusberg by the depth of her love.

Those who have lived among the Germans cannot fail to be struck by the earnestness of their character, and by their lack of wit and finesse. Merry they can be, but with a heavy sort of bacchanalian "joie de vivre." They also lack social culture, in this respect being half a century behind England. This is because they lack traditions. The spirit of narrow-minded provincialism which before 1870 characterised the numerous little courts is still alive to-day. In the more important fields of art and science the German has held his place in the forefront of progress against all rivals.

The German educational system is remarkable. At the gymnasiums all classes receive an excellent education at extremely low rates. In all the principal towns there are admirably organised universities where students can pursue their studies at almost nominal fees. The Munich University is one of the most famous in Germany, and is visited by some 8,000 students drawn from all parts of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Russia. As an example of its cheapness a course of lectures on political economy from the celebrated Professor Brentano, lasting six months, and consisting of five hours in the week, cost twenty marks (£1). There is also an admirable academy or art school, and various technical institutions, where boys are given a practical training to serve them in their after life. But the students lack the healthy athletic spirit which prevails in England. They sit for hours in smoky cafés, consuming enormous quantities of sense-dulling beer, and thus sow the seeds of racial degeneration. Their only sport is that revolting system of duelling in which, with all but the fleshy parts of the face protected, the would-be heroes stand and slice at each others' cheeks and heads with light swords. The physique of the student is, however, saved by the period which he is compelled to serve in the Imperial army. But here we come to the military question, which must be treated in a separate article.

REVIEWS

A GREAT PLAY

Shakespeare and His Love: A Play in Four Acts and an Epilogue. By FRANK HARRIS. (Frank Palmer. 2s. 6d. net.)

"THE play's the thing"; really, there are times when the most hackneyed of quotations is justified by its aptness. The controversy between Mr. Frank Harris and Mr. Bernard Shaw has been extremely interesting, but it is to be regretted that as a consequence the critics of our contemporaries have for the most part devoted themselves to the discussion of Mr. Harris's spirited introduction rather than to the appreciation of the play itself. To our mind, the problem has assumed very simple terms. Mr. Shaw has admitted that he had read Mr. Harris's play, and, being possessed of considerable critical acumen, he should have realised that he could not better it. Knowing that there was an admirable drama of Shakespeare in existence, he should have hesitated before writing his ineffective skit. On the other hand, Mr. Harris, who seems to produce a

masterpiece every time he returns from the South of France, can afford to be generous. Having reduced our Shakespearean professors to anonymous lamentations, he might have spared poor Puck, nut-eating, Jaeger-clad, uncomfortable Puck, who never harmed anybody save perhaps certain archdeacons, fallen unwarily to reading his periodical letters in the *Times*.

In a play of which Shakespeare is the protagonist, we have the right to demand not merely the ordinary dramatic qualities, but also that the portrait of Shakespeare should be satisfying in terms of truth and sympathy. We need hardly say that the author of "The Man Shakespeare" has not failed us here; that memorable book is surely the classic proof of the fact that all true criticism is founded on love, and in the gentle, lovable features of the Shakespeare of the play we recognise with a thrill quickened by the dramatic atmosphere the man Shakespeare who spoke to us with so clear a voice from the pages of the book.

And in one respect Mr. Harris's task in the later work was the harder. It would have been so easy, it must have been so tempting, to sacrifice the truth of the portrait in order to make Shakespeare one of those heroic figures for whom our blind zest for the romantic has made us greedy. It must be remembered that the story of the sonnets which gives the play its main plot shows Shakespeare in the guise of a betrayed and outwitted lover, a situation which moves most men to laughter rather than sympathy. Mr. Harris has not abated one jot of his humiliation; we see the poet's first passion for Mary Fitton quickly fanned into flame by her half curious, half careless-wanton acceptance of his love. This was not the kind of wooer to whom Mary Fitton was accustomed; she preferred the eloquence of deeds to poor Shakespeare's elaborate expressions of his passion, but she appreciated the charm of variety, and on the whole she was kind to Shakespeare, if it be kindness in a woman to stimulate the passion of her lover. She made even less to-do about yielding to Herbert when that brilliant young man had leisure to covet her and betray his friend Shakespeare; if anything were needed to increase Shakespeare's humiliation, it would be the almost careless readiness with which his friend and his mistress betray him. But Mr. Harris has emphasised rather than concealed this aspect of the tragic story. How, then, it may be asked, has he made Shakespeare sympathetic?

The question can be answered easiest by contrasting the character Shakespeare with one of the other characters, Herbert, for example. Herbert is a magnificent version of what we may call, in no spirit of condemnation, a woman's hero. He is dashing, impudent, resourceful, and unscrupulous. He is extraordinarily successful with women, although (or perhaps because) his conception of the relationship of the sexes is hardly nobler than Montaigne's. He is amicable to men, and clever enough to appreciate the value of Shakespeare's friendship. Such a man will go far in a world of men, and farther still in a world of women. Shakespeare, on the other hand, is the dreamer, gentle, affectionate and sincere, mistrustful of action, and loving to "unpack his heart with words." For him, as for his own Romeo, passion is the mother of beautiful phrases, although women hate beautiful phrases, finding them but too successful rivals of their own physical charms. All but the very rarest and noblest of women prefer the Herberts to the Shakespeares, if the choice is forced upon them. Mary Fitton found Shakespeare interesting enough though rather wordy, until Herbert called her; then she had to go.

It is the inevitability of the betrayal that saves this great play from being too painful for lovers of Shakespeare to read it with enjoyment. We feel that the characters are helpless in the clutch of circumstance; Shakespeare must forsake his gentle Violet to serve the white wanton; Herbert must cheat his friend; Mary Fitton must accept her brief hour of Herbert's favour, with perhaps a half regretful glance back at her poet, the noblest and maddest of all her lovers. They are all the servants of Destiny,

and it is our sense of this that makes it possible for us to endure the poet-dramatist's humiliating defeat in the merciless tournament of love. The noblest part of Shakespeare was not to be known by Mary Fitton, since we can only judge others by our own standards; we may doubt with Mr. Harris whether it was known by any of his contemporaries, save perhaps Ben Jonson.

It is just this noblest part of the man—we may call it his genius—that is present, as Mr. Shaw admitted, in the Shakespeare of Mr. Harris's play. Whether we meet him among his fellow dramatists at the Mermaid and the Mitre; or in the bitter-sweet company of Mary Fitton, or in the last sad scene on his death-bed, we are always conscious of that indefinable magnetism that is the true halo of great men. Yet for all his greatness he is supremely human; witness his attitude towards Chettle, the delightful prototype of Falstaff, who writes to him for money with which to pay his tavern reckoning. Jonson reproaches Shakespeare with squandering his money on a man who deserves it so little. Shakespeare replies: "I owe him what money can never pay . . . his jokes and humoured laughter. He warms me with his hot love of life, and living." This in the blackest hour of his passion, when the knowledge of his betrayal has failed to lighten his servitude! Was ever a man more humanly lovable?

The scenes between Shakespeare and Mary Fitton are really astonishing, and make us regret that we have not heard that the play is going to be performed. There can be no mistaking the quality of these love scenes. Mary Fitton is superb; the finest figure of a passionate woman that our drama has known since "Antony and Cleopatra." That Mrs. Patrick Campbell should have been eager to play the part is in no way astonishing, though creditable to her artistic courage. Herbert, too, as we have suggested, is completely successful. His impudent quickness in flattery of Queen Elizabeth is admirable; so, too, is his little quarrel with Raleigh. If we are to interpret a certain passage in the Introduction as being an explanation of the scenes wherein Chettle and many of the dramatists of the time are introduced, scenes which might be held to lie outside the main current of the play, we can assure Mr. Harris it was not needed. The scenes themselves have such intrinsic merit, and display such an intimate knowledge of the life of the period, that for our part we could not spare a word of them. The setting is all worthy of the picture.

But after all the play stands by Shakespeare, and he satisfies us wholly. Mr. Harris has not merely drawn the figure of a great man and made us feel that he is great; that he had already done in "The Bomb." But now he has drawn the figure of a great man and made us feel that he is Shakespeare, and in accomplishing this task he has written a great play. We have not hesitated to praise this play without reservation; we know that in this we are doing honour to ourselves rather than to Mr. Harris. To the man of genius the pride of good work accomplished is the sufficient reward; this is fortunate, for in England he rarely gets anything else.

PHILOSOPHERS AND POETS

Three Philosophical Poets. By GEORGE SANTAYANA, Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University. (Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.)

It might well seem, at a first glance, that the term "philosophic poet" embodied a contradiction. The philosopher, popularly conceived as wearing a portentous frown, the inquisitor of the universe, flashing the cold, white beam of wisdom's searchlight into dusty corners of earth, into remote vistas of heaven—what has he to do with poetry? The poet, rapt in contemplation of a rose, a star, a rainbow; inconstant as the moon; waxing rhythmical over his sunsets, his loves, his sorrows; hunting at midnight on

his winged Pegasus the fox of rhyme through the coverts of language—what has he to do with stern, sombre philosophy?

The antagonism, however, on investigation, is found to be merely superficial. To the true poet a rose may hold a whole philosophy; his joys and tears are often vicarious—in them he rejoices and grieves for his fellow man; and as to his rhyming, that, as everyone knows who can see an inch below the surface, is but an accessory and a *broderie* for his fluent thoughts—the flowers at the edge of the stream, but not the stream itself. To the earnest philosopher, again, life in its entirety is a poem. It is incomplete, but all the more entrancing by reason of that very incompleteness; all the logic in all the libraries of the world cannot drown the song that echoes through his heart when he has found the key to some long-forbidden gateway, the path to some long-sought goal. Thus, when his soul and that of the poet are immured within one body, and the turn of fate's wheel brings round conditions of such urgency that the message must be spoken or the soul go for ever unsatisfied, we have the sublime epics and lyrics, comedies, and tragedies, that have fashioned the thoughts of half the world. We have in a word, poetry itself. Doubtless it is of varying quality, but, stripped of meretricious and trivial attributes, it is inevitable, penetrating, permanent.

The author of the volume before us keenly appreciates these things, and has associated three poets who at a preliminary inspection might appear quite incongruous; his plan, however, is thoroughly and skilfully constructed, and his method of cumulative evidence as to the change and progression of human thought is very pleasing indeed to the critical reader. Lucretius, the materialist, whose idea was that "all things are dust, and to dust they return," foreshadowed in a marvellous manner some theories of life which retain many adherents even at the present day. His "dust" was eternally fertile, ever changing; it is involved in a perpetual process of transfiguration, constantly re-distributed and re-appearing in new forms. From this starting-point comes the vision—a vague appreciation of an intelligent and evolutionary force behind nature. "The soul of nature, in the elements of it, is, according to Lucretius, actually immortal; only the human individuality, the chance composition of those elements, is transitory." The comparison of this ancient poet with Wordsworth is one of the most suggestive passages in this essay, and, as it is a good example of the author's style, we will take from it our longest quotation:—

Lucretius, a poet of universal nature, studied everything in its truth. Even moral life, though he felt it much more narrowly and coldly than Wordsworth did, was better understood and better sung by him for being seen in its natural setting. It is a fault of idealists to misrepresent idealism, because they do not view it as a part of the world. Idealism is a part of the world, a small and dependent part of it. It is a small and dependent part even in the life of men. This fact is nothing against idealism taken as a moral energy, as a faculty of idealisation and a habit of living in the familiar presence of an image of what would, in everything, be best. But it is the ruin of idealism taken as a view of the central and universal power in the world. For this reason Lucretius, who sees human life and human idealism in their natural setting, has a saner and maturer view of both than has Wordsworth, for all his greater refinement. Nature, for the Latin poet, is really nature. He loves and fears her, as she deserves to be loved and feared by her creatures. Whether it be a wind blowing, a torrent rushing, a lamb bleating, the magic of love, genius achieving its purpose, or a war, or a pestilence, Lucretius sees everything in its causes, and in its total career. One breath of lavish creation, one iron law of change, runs through the whole, making all things kin in their inmost elements and in their last end. Here is the touch of nature indeed, her largeness and eternity. Here is the true echo of the life of matter.

It will be seen that Professor Santayana looks at his material with no narrow, prejudiced views. His keen observation and originality, in fact, form half the charm of his book.

He passes from the poet who denied the immortality of the soul to the poet of faith, Dante, for whom the soul was the centre of life and experience. Learned men will dispute for ever on the meaning of Dante's symbolism, but, as the author points out—hitting the mark with his unfailing neatness—"the learned are perhaps not those best fitted to solve the problem." "It is a matter for literary tact and sympathetic imagination; it must be left to the delicate intelligence of the reader, if he has it; and if he has not, Dante does not wish to open his heart to him." It is almost a pity that the author did not quote Carlyle's unqualified eulogy of the Italian poet, for it was shot through by some remarkable flashes of criticism, and he probably came as near the truth as any writer has ever done when he said: "The great soul of Dante, homeless on earth, made its home more and more in that awful other world." In Dante the revolution from gross materialism is completed; he was "the spokesman of the middle ages," expounding Christian theology in his own peculiar enthusiastic and philosophical way. Love opened his eyes to wider fields than those of earth; for him no songs of the rose and the star, as such, would suffice—only this "mystic unfathomable song" of souls in harmony, souls in discord, souls in fearful and irremediable travail. If his notions of hell and heaven seem to some of us crude, even in a sense materialistic, we cannot but admit his wonderful power and his extraordinary imagery. Professor Santayana's best summary of Dante occurs when he is tracing the progress of philosophic theories through the mists of ancient lore:—

Dante became to Platonism and Christianity what Homer had been to Paganism; and if Platonism and Christianity, like Paganism, should ever cease to be defended scientifically, Dante will keep the poetry and wisdom of them alive; and it is safe to say that later generations will envy more than they will despise his philosophy. When the absurd controversies and factious passions that in some measure obscure the nature of this system have completely passed away, no one will think of reproaching Dante with his bad science, and bad history, and minute theology. These will not seem blemishes in his poetry, but integral parts of it.

The author touches on the curious earthly interludes of the "Inferno," and is by no means blind to Dante's faults as a poet; but he adds with truth that the relative merit of poets is a barren thing to wrangle over—every fresh critic has an opinion of his own, and we are thus spared the usual dissertation on Dante's place in literature.

We must pass on to notice briefly the third essay, on Goethe, "the poet of romantic experience." The author takes "Faust," of course, as his text—that wonderful story of unsatisfied aspirations, of the eternal quest of the soul for happiness; and in a masterly comparison he finds again his theme, the progression of philosophic ideals. The world has turned since Dante's day; romance usurps the throne of theory, yet directs, by hint, and image, and allusion, the search of mankind. Faust, with his book of magic, his visions, his experiments in life, is elemental and immortal; he is man, successful, baffled, in contact with heaven at one hour, with hell at another. We have no space to reproduce in any detail Professor Santayana's analysis of the poem, which is learned without being pedantic; but, as an illustration of his insight, what could be better than this?:—

Faust is the foam on the top of two great waves of human aspiration, merging and heaping themselves up together—the wave of romanticism rising from the depths of northern traditions and genius, and the wave of a new paganism coming from Greece over Italy. . . . Dante gives us a philosophical goal, and we have to recall and retrace the journey; Goethe gives us a philosophical journey, and we have to divine the goal. . . .

The young Goethe, though very learned, was no mere student of books; to his human competence and power to succeed, he joined the gusts of feeling, the irresponsible raptures, the sudden sorrows, of a genuine poet. He could delve into magic with awe, in a Faust-like spirit of adventure; he could burn offerings in his attic to the rising sun;

he could plunge into Christian mysticism; and there could well up, on occasion, from the deep store of his unconscious mind, floods of words, of images, and of tears. He was a genius, if ever there was one; and this genius, in all its freshness, was poured into the composition of *Faust*—the most kindred of themes, the most picturesque and magical of romances.

Interspersed with these essays are many excellent and pertinent digressions of criticism which make us desire fervently to hear what the author would have to say on other notable poets, and to induce such a desire is in itself proof that the present work is worthy of high praise. To be suggestive is better than to be severely critical; but if criticism carries with it a large proportion of suggestive thoughts, the inference is that the critic is well equipped and a writer to be considered deeply. Professor Santayana has a grace of style, a serenity of argument, and a steadfastness of outlook that are really striking; we have pencilled a dozen or more passages which we should have liked to quote. He has produced not merely an essay, or a trilogy of essays, but a literary work which should give him high place among the thinkers and philosophers with whom he must be associated.

A CAVALIER DUKE AND HIS DUCHESS

The First Duke and Duchess of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. By the Author of "A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby," etc. With Illustrations. (Longmans, Green, and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE author to whom we are indebted for this volume can write so well—he has shown it in previous works—that we read regretfully the brief preface, in which he tells us that, on the present occasion, he only places in the reader's hands "a succession of open volumes and copies of manuscripts, containing passages which throw more or less light upon the lives of the first Duke and Duchess of Newcastle," adding thereto a few remarks, either of introduction or of retrospection, concerning the evidence he has collected. Let us hasten to add, however, that while the work is largely composed of extracts from old and half-forgotten books, combined with numerous letters and other documents, many, we think, now published in their entirety for the first time, it makes extremely interesting reading, and adds materially to our knowledge of the times with which it deals.

William, first Duke of Newcastle, was a grandson of that Sir William Cavendish who, in the reign of Henry VIII., laid the foundations of the greatness of his house. Sir William's eldest surviving son became the first Earl of Devonshire; the younger was Sir Charles Cavendish of Welbeck Abbey, and it was from him sprang the future Duke whose career is now set forth by Sir Kenelm Digby's biographer. Newcastle has several claims to remembrance. He became Governor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., and his letter of instruction for that Prince's studies, conduct, and behaviour, is a remarkable document, which, although its author only held his post for two years, must be taken into account in estimating the character of our third Stuart sovereign. In reading that paper, moreover, one thinks of Machiavelli's "Il Principe," of Bosquet's counsels to the Grand Dauphin, and Fénelon's to the Duc de Bourgogne. But Newcastle must be remembered more particularly for his share in the Civil War. He was connected with the famous Hull affair which made the breach between the King and the Parliament irreparable. He commanded for Charles in the North of England, and although he was superseded by Prince Rupert, he took a conspicuous part in that battle of Marston Moor from which the Royalist cause never recovered. Further, Newcastle was the author of the most remarkable book on horsemanship ever issued, "a gorgeous folio, beautifully printed, splendidly illustrated,"

which he produced during his exile, the printing of it, says he, costing above £1,300, and that at a period when he was in great straits for money, and already deep in debt. His book-venture was largely financed, however, by his "good friends," Sir H. Cartwright and Mr. Loving, and he mentions in one of his letters that he "hopes they will lose nothing by it, and is sure they hope the same." Those hopes were probably realised, for the book proved very successful. A good copy, it appears, is now worth about ten guineas.

All Newcastle's contemporaries admit that he was extremely well qualified to write on horsemanship, as it was then practised. He was also expert in fencing and dancing, as well as fond of music and poetry. His own verse seems to us very poor, but he wrote four comedies which showed that he could at least delineate the society of his time. Further, he was certainly the friend and patron of many men of letters, of some of whom we obtain interesting glimpses in the pages before us. There is Ben Jonson, who wrote masques to his order, and who addressed him in abject begging letters as "My Noblest Lord and Best Patron." There are Shirley, Shadwell, and Flecknoe, whom he also assisted. Moreover, Thomas Hobbes and Descartes were among his friends. So were Sir William Davenant, the poet laureate whom he made General of his Ordnance during the Civil War, and Sir John Suckling, of whom we read incidentally that he had a small head, sandy hair, brisk, round eyes, a red face, and a still redder nose, those last characteristics lending unexpected piquancy to the familiar lines:—

"Prithee, why so pale, fond lover,
Prithee, why so pale?"

Red, however, as Suckling's nose may have been, doubtless he was sufficiently proud of it when, in his "Session of the Poets," he sneered at his whilom friend, the once Shakespearean-featured Davenant, for having no nose at all.

It seems certain that Newcastle's first peerages, the barony of Ogle, the viscounties of Mansfield and Bolsover, and the earldom of Newcastle, were obtained by him, through Buckingham, in return for fairly heavy pecuniary payments to that unblushing vendor of honours, James I., and the latter's greedy favourite. The future Duke, however, could well afford to pay for his elevation. His grandmother was that famous "Bess of Hardwicke" who secured magnificent settlements from each of her four successive husbands, and his mother was the wealthy heiress of the Ogles, whilst his first wife had property worth £3,000 a year; in such wise that Newcastle, was possessed of princely estates with an annual income of £25,000. During several years, however, he lost the enjoyment of all his property owing to his participation in the Civil War on the Royalist side.

He cannot be accounted a good general. He had had no military training when he was appointed a commander-in-chief, and had to rely largely on his coadjutor, General King, afterwards Lord Ethyn. Dauntless in danger, but neither a strategist nor a tactician, Newcastle retired to his rest or his pleasures directly an action was over. We have not space here to discuss his military career in detail, but we may mention that the author we are following shows that the Royalist defeat at Marston Moor was undoubtedly due to Rupert, and not to Newcastle. It was followed, however, by the great mistake of the latter's life. Overcome by chagrin, fearing that he had for ever lost the confidence of his King (though such was by no means the case), unwilling, as he himself declared, to face the derision of the Court, he fled from England, much to the amazement and disgust of many gallant Cavaliers. Sailing to Hamburg, he thence made his way to Paris, where, at Henrietta Maria's little Court, he met the lady who became his second wife.

Two years previously he had lost his first consort, the daughter of William Basset, of Blore. The comely young person to whom he now paid his addresses was Margaret

Lucas, a daughter of Sir Thomas Lucas, of Colchester. The epitaph on her monument and her husband's in Westminster Abbey sets forth—in words for which Addison expressed his liking (*The Spectator*, no. 99)—that her family was a noble one, "for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous." In the work we are noticing, the story of Margaret's wooing by the fugitive and impecunious Newcastle, and of the opposition offered to the match by Henrietta Maria (to whom Miss Lucas was a maid of honour), is admirably recounted by the aid of love letters which are still preserved among the Welbeck MSS. Very interesting, also, is the narrative of the couple's shifts and straits (which did not prevent extravagance) during their life in exile. After the Restoration they returned to England, and Newcastle recovered a good deal of his property. Charles II., however, could not meet certain pecuniary claims in the ordinary way, but preferred to raise his former governor to ducal rank.

The Duchess was a more prolific writer than her husband. She published no fewer than twenty-six plays, a curious account of the Duke's career, and numerous folio volumes of "philosophical fancies and opinions," "sociable letters," orations and poems, all of which now seem rather wearisome, though some were admired by Charles Lamb, who, indeed, refers to the Duchess in one of his essays as "a dear favourite of mine . . . the thrice-noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastical and original-brained Margaret Newcastle." That she became eccentric in her dress, equipage, and deportment is clearly shown by Pepys, who at one time relates that "all the town-talk is nowadays of her extravagancies," and who pictures her for us in a velvet cap and a black justaucorps, her neck quite bare, her hair about her ears, and many black patches about her mouth, while at other times she wears "an antique dress." One day he catches sight of her being mobbed in the park while she is driving there "in a large black coach, adorned with silver instead of gold; and so white curtains, and everything black and white, and herself in her cap." On yet another occasion the diarist saw her Grace's coach being closely chased by a hundred boys and girls, who were looking at her—doubtless in amazement. When, as is chronicled in the Gramont Memoirs, the deformed and deluded Lady Muskerri was inveigled into masquerading as a "Princess of Babylon," Charles II., on hearing that a phantom swathed in gauze and silver tissue, and with a sort of pyramid on her head, was seeking admission to Whitehall, confidently ejaculated: "I bet it is the Duchess of Newcastle!"

Our present author claims that the Duchess and her husband lived mostly in retirement at Welbeck after the Restoration. We think, however, that their literary and theatrical interests and inclinations must have brought them to London a good deal more frequently than appears from the works he quotes. He says nothing of their metropolitan residence, whither Pepys once pursued the Duchess. Peter Cunningham asserts in his "Handbook of London" that they lived at Newcastle House in great state, and he mentions an engraving which, he says, showed that mansion to be "a heavy-looking structure with Ionic pilasters on the upper storey, and the lower part plain." It may interest the latest biographer of the Newcastles to know that the other day, on inspecting the site of the ducal residence in Clerkenwell Close, we found, affixed to the wall of what is now called Newcastle Place, a black marble tablet inscribed: "Newcastle House, 1793," the date being that of the demolition of the mansion. Numerous other particulars respecting Newcastle House, including a small wood-cut of it, will be found in the "History of Clerkenwell," by W. J. Pinka (London: Second Edition, 1881). After the first Duke of Newcastle's death, the mansion passed to his son Henry, then to the latter's son-in-law, the Earl of Clare, and afterwards to the "mad" Duchess of Albemarle, who died there.

Here we must take leave of a very interesting book, which is full of bright touches, and casts suggestive sidelights on the period of which it treats, being, perhaps,

even more worthy of perusal on that account than for the sake of its chief characters, though the Newcastles were very notable personages of their time. We will only add that the fourteen illustrations to the volume—comprising portraits and views after rare and fine old engravings, and specimens of the plates in Newcastle's famous book on horsemanship—are admirable reproductions of the originals.

SCHOLARLY PARODIES

Essays in Imitation. By ALGERNON CECIL. (John Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)

A VERY pretty little *tour de force* indeed are these "Essays in Imitation," from the scholarly pen of Mr. Algernon Cecil. It is a comparatively easy matter for a clever writer to parody the style of authors possessing a very marked individuality. A certain trick of arranging words, a mannerism with capital letters, a facility with queer verbs and uncouth superlatives, will present a plausible, superficial sketch which immature critics might say reminded them of Carlyle; but more than this is needed. Several times in his first essay, "A Chapter in the English Revolution," Mr. Cecil hits off the style of Carlyle to the life by adding to his trappings of linguistic cleverness the spirit of the sage. He seems to be quizzing present-day events through Carlyle's eyes, and although we must admit that there are a considerable number of rather arid passages, so that the essay would have gained by condensation, many pages are unexceptionable. What could be better than this *pastiche* dealing with "King Demos's courtier, Winston"?—

What if he, the marvellous boy, should emerge from out the ruck of politics, suddenly, like a rocket, childlike-terrible, with uncanny, half-paternal splendour, to gleam for a moment on the path of History, and begone, leaving no mark behind; to be held in wonder, unaccountable, through long centuries? Forgetting Hibernian coalitions within and the dim-suffering myriads without, Parliament will look fixedly at this one indomitable Apparition of a Winston; will note whither he rises, how the little fire belches forth so brilliant; then, perchance, for want of lofty purpose, decays.

This is excellently conceived; and, again, we admire Mr. Cecil's adroit apostrophe to the spirit of party strife: "O Party, Party! Ever must thou be hospitably received on this blind earth of ours, being indeed oftentimes entertained unawares; but now art hallowed into a principle, art become a goddess—of discord—and hast entered into our very bones and blood."

In his "Voyage to Isotaria," modelled on Swift's imaginary travels, Mr. Cecil scores another distinct success; the essay keeps on a more unvarying level than the one previously quoted. Here our social, as well as our political customs come under the lash. Delightfully does the stranger, shipwrecked on the coast of "Isotaria," reproduce the wisdom of a gentleman who "persisted in calling himself my brother":—

The mischief of centuries was now, he assured me, in a fair way to be undone by himself and his fellow-labourers, and in a few years' time, if I chose to revisit the country, I should behold a land of peace, plenty, and contentment, where all would be occupied with the business of each, and where everyone might hope to crown a long life of placid mediocrity by the undisturbed slumbers of the tomb. . . . All things would be thrown into a common fund, and everyone would then be allowed to help himself in exact proportion to the effort he supposed himself to be making in the public service. I asked him whether he was likely to be the gainer or the loser by this arrangement, but he evaded my inquiry, the reason of which I was afterwards very well able to understand, for I learnt that he had hardly any possessions at all of his own.

This calm, cool method of writing, with a sting in it here and there, and an occasional almost savage note, suggested rather than expressed, is kept up for sixty-eight pages, and upon them we congratulate the author heartily. The most

important remaining paper is entitled, "Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Bridge," and is gently amusing, although we hardly think it so successful an imitation of Charles Lamb's style as the "Voyage to Isotaria" is of Swift's. But perhaps the necessity of reading the two at a single sitting is unfortunate; it is as though the palate, charged with the bouquet of strong wine, should endeavour to taste an aromatic blend of China tea. Each, in its place and at its time, is good.

From the author of so critical a study as "Six Oxford Thinkers" we anticipated something of high interest, greatly above the usual standard, and we have not been disappointed.

FICTION

A FRENCH NOVEL BY A SEMPSTRESS.

Marie-Claire. By MARGUERITE AUDOUX. With a Preface by OCTAVE MIRBEAU. (Eugène Fasquelle, Paris. 3fr. 50c.)

In the hurly-burly of an election, amid the blatant platitudes and selfish boastings of political gladiators, one is suddenly reminded of higher things by the mild, insistent appeal of a book. Two different worlds, you say to yourself, the so-called real world, and beside it—above it or around it, as you please—the world of art and literature. The real world mocks you with its transitoriness, its fleeting show: its prizes are all satisfactions of the lower desires; the talents exerted are all of an inferior class. Here you have only to surpass the best men of your generation and you are treated as if you were a god; you have honours and riches, titles, orders, and high places to distribute at will. In the world of art and literature the competition is far severer; the poet or novelist who does better than the best men of his time, has done but little; he is certain to be measured with the greatest of all the past and must live to the height of that comparison if he would win enduring reputation. The rewards of art and literature in the eyes of most men are meagre to absurdity; a Meredith makes the living of a clerk by his books after forty years of labour; Browning does not earn bread and salt with deathless poetry. Even in honours the politician has the better part; he gets the dignity and applause while he is alive, whereas the man of letters often meets with scanty recognition during his lifetime, and the disdain of the men he lives amongst is not compensated by the pious hope that when he has been dead a century his merits will be appreciated.

The rewards are real in the everyday world, the achievements real in the artistic kingdom. Yet the highest order of mind would prefer to be Keats rather than Canning; Shakespeare rather than Burleigh; Swinburne rather than Salisbury—man does not live by bread alone.

This book, "*Marie-Claire*," reminds us of all this, and demonstrates besides how much the French care for literature, how disinterestedly they love and cherish it, and how little envy and malice there is among their authors, comparatively speaking. "*Marie-Claire*" was written by a sempstress in the intervals of her ordinary work; written because the poor orphan girl who had been brought up by charity found herself gradually losing her eyesight, and was forced, therefore, to think of some way of getting a living when she would be imprisoned in utter darkness for the rest of her life.

"*Marie-Claire*" is heralded by an enthusiastic preface by Octave Mirbeau, a French writer who counts already as a minor classic. It is as if Mr. Wells set himself to praise the book of a common servant, and yet how boldly, how enthusiastically Mirbeau ventures to praise "*Marie-Claire*." He challenges the best writers of the day to produce anything finer. His words are significant: "The perfect measure, and the purity of style" of this servant's writing astonish him.

Let me give one specimen. The author is watching an old nun mix a salad: she notices her thin, knotty, brown arms plunging again and again into the great bowl, and coming out shining and dripping for all the world like "withered branches of a tree on a rainy day."

Mirbeau's eulogy is deserved. One is forced to admit that in one sense the book merits the best that has been said of it, or that could be said. It is an astonishing book: just what one would never have expected. The servant-girl, one would have thought, would have given her own life, put her own experiences on paper; the matter would be crude, but interesting, because *lived*; palpitating with reality. The grammar might be shaky, the style at sixes and sevens, but the story would be strong. Well, "*Marie-Claire*" is plainly the story of the charity drudge's life; but it is all covered, so to speak, with a grey veil. The book might have been written by some old professor who even as a youth had lymph, not blood, in his veins; but who to make up for his shortcomings had the picked vocabulary of a poet and an exquisite sense of measure and style. The book is all written in seventeenth century French, the French that Ferdinand Brunetière, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, used to praise so highly, and this old classic French is used with perfect restraint. The book is severe, impeccably austere in manner, as in matter.

Marguerite Audoux has said that she wrote and re-wrote the book half-a-dozen times, and was only hindered from re-writing it yet again by her need of money to pay the oculist. But the explanation explains nothing: Marguerite Audoux was simply born with a sense of style and a feeling for the beauty of French words which gives her a singular position as a French writer. If style be indeed the great antiseptic, as some believe, then Marguerite Audoux would be as sure of immortality as Renan or Anatole France; but the ordinary man would hardly like to go so far as that.

"*Marie-Claire*" has hardly any other interest than one of manner; the matter is commonplace, unexciting; not a sensational page or paragraph, or word, from title to colophon; everything is in half-tints, subdued, refined, restrained. No wonder one calls it an astonishing book.

Something else must be noted, which redounds to the honour of that wonderful French people.

Marie-Claire is brought up in an orphanage, and when she is thirteen is sent out to a farmer's to earn her living by guarding the sheep, feeding the pigs, and making herself generally useful. She is at the mercy of the farmer and his wife, and even of the farm hands to some extent. The portraits of her master and mistress are life-like, vivid line-sketches; the orphan has lived with them; yet no one of these common persons placed in authority over her ever treats *Marie-Claire* harshly or meanly. She runs away at night, the farmer brings her back in his cart; but instead of reproaching her he wants to know: Has she been treated badly?

There is an extraordinary and astounding kindness implicit in the book from the beginning to the end; a positive virtue of goodness which is, I believe, no less characteristic of the French peasantry than their frugality and economy.

On all these accounts "*Marie-Claire*" is a surprising book to have been written by an orphan, half-blind, a peasant drudge by birth and training, a work-girl by necessity; yet it is still more remarkable for the undiscussed depths in it of thought and emotion, for the way it leads one to grave questionings of long-cherished beliefs and prejudices. Compulsory education in the modern sense has always seemed to require justification. Yet what a crime it would have been to have left such a talent as this voiceless and unknown! "It takes three generations to make gentle folk," says Emerson, and yet here is an outcast, a poor sempstress, who is a perfect gentlewoman in mind and soul (there is no trace of mud even on the hem of her roughest working-clothes); all is neat and exquisitely pure. There is no

mastery in any art, says Taine, without a long apprenticeship; "it takes fifteen years of hard work to learn to write decently," and yet Marguerite Audoux shows herself at once a faultless literary artist. One is tempted to exclaim that society is like the sea; the biggest fish never show themselves, but keep out of sight below the surface.

No hint of ancestry in the book, no word of heredity; Marguerite Audoux was of peasant stock, and her reading was for long confined to minutes snatched from work or sleep and spent on cheap almanacks! Who gave her the master's instinct for purity of diction? What inspired her control of the artistic symbol, her infallible tact; in a word, her exquisite refinement as a writer and a woman? In her way she is as extraordinary an appearance as a Héloïse or a Jeanne d'Arc or a Charlotte Corday or a Mlle. de l'Espinasse. And how comes it that all the greatest women appear to be born in France, where love is held most lightly, and the vilest pleasures of sense are most esteemed? Problem on problem and no hint of plausible solution. France is so different from Paris. Paris the most modern, the most cosmopolitan of cities; France the most provincial of countries, where the peasants still keep their old costumes, talk in obsolete French, bargain in forgotten coins, and pray under their breath for good luck to the Virgin whose existence they will no longer admit in public.

Whenever I think of these contradictions, two things come into my memory; the old image of Thor drinking, drinking while the end of his drinking-horn is plunged in the sea, and the other a phrase of Victor Hugo, pompous and antithetic, yet with a certain deep significance in it, a significance we English are too apt to lose sight of:—"L'Humanité a un synonyme: Egalité."

A FRENCH APPRECIATION OF "MARIE-CLAIRE."

By MARC LOGE.

THE Parisian world, and one may even say the French literary world, has been electrified lately by a novel, "Marie-Claire," written by a woman, which the few privileged persons who had seen the MS. previous to its publication had declared to be a masterpiece. Surely, one will say, a novel, even written by a woman, is nothing so remarkable or out of the common in these days. "Marie-Claire," however, has this peculiarity: the author, Mme. Marguerite Audoux, is a poor seamstress, half-blind, illiterate, hardly knowing how to spell, whose whole life has been one long suffering and privation. Yet she has realised this miracle: she has achieved a masterpiece. In the enthusiastic preface he has written for "Marie-Claire," Octave Mirbeau, the well-known author of "Le Jardin des Supplices," "La 628.E.S.," "Sebastien Roch," etc., tells us how Charles-Louis Philippe, now considered, whether rightly or wrongly, one of the finest French prose-writers, met Marguerite Audoux, and how, having read some of her writings, he encouraged her to persevere. After his death, several of his friends, among whom were Frantz Jourdain and Octave Mirbeau, befriended the poor seamstress; and thus it happened that a few weeks ago "Marie-Claire" appeared in book form at Fasquelle's, one of the leading Parisian publishers.

In "Marie-Claire" Mme. Marguerite Audoux has not aimed at any high-flown romanticism, such as one might have expected from a person of her class and education. Both the story and the style are of a simplicity which is slightly disconcerting, so different are they from the themes and forms of most modern novels. Marguerite Audoux describes her heroes and heroines with a quite remarkable precision of expression, and sometimes even this lack of ornamentation, adjectives, or word-painting, in which many present authors garb and disguise their psychological definitions, produces rather a disagreeable

impression of constraint and formality. This disappears, however, as soon as one recognises the fact that in Mme. Audoux's wonderful book each phrase, each word, is to the point. There is no research after style or effect; it is written just as the author sets the episodes she narrates, plainly and tersely.

The story is most simple: it is an autobiography. Mme. Audoux, the Marie-Claire of the tale, tells us in a series of short, concise chapters how, having lost both her parents whilst still a small child, she was placed in an orphanage under the direction of a sisterhood. She stays there for several years, and delineates in a few rapid but very sure strokes sketches of the conventual life. She thus reveals us her thoughts and occupations; she depicts her schoolmates, the sisters, and the servants. And though each character seems to be merely outlined, it is in reality so well observed and studied that we shall never forget Sœur Marie-Aimée, whose wild and loving heart yearns for a larger field of action than that afforded by the orphanage, and who is led sadly astray by her excessive nature. Nor shall we forget Ismérie, the malicious little hunchback, nor Colette the cripple, half sentimental, half hysterical, whose passionate and romantic aspirations are made a by-word in the home. And we shall always remember Marie-Claire herself, so candid, simple, and really innocent, so prompt to see and to feel what is beautiful.

Between the age of twelve and thirteen, Marie-Claire is placed at a farmer's in Sologne, where she becomes a shepherdess. She describes the quiet and peaceful months spent there, the impressions produced on her by Nature, and she tells us how the discovery in the garret of a dog-eared copy of Fénelon's *Télémaque* revealed to her a new and unknown world.

The kind farmer dies, and the farm passes into other hands, but Marie-Claire still remains as servant. When she is about seventeen she falls in love with Henri Deslois, the son of the *châtelaine*, and the idyll between the two young people is very pure and simple. Marie-Claire loves this weakling with a deep attachment, springing straight from the immense yearning of her soul to have somebody to care for, and who will care for her. Alas, poor Marie-Claire! Her new-found happiness is quickly destroyed. Henri, obeying his mother's instructions, informs her that he can no longer be her friend. The young girl suddenly finds herself alone, and the world becomes very bleak and dreary when she understands that she has been deprived of the sole real affection she has ever known—save that of Sœur Marie-Aimée. Hardly knowing what she is doing, stumbling blindly through the winter snow, she returns to the orphanage in an instinctive desire to rest in the only home she has ever had.

In order to curb her pride—pitiful Marie-Claire, whose pure conscience and aloofness from petty worries and intrigues have won her a reputation of haughtiness—the Mother Superior assigns her work in the kitchens of the institution. She accepts this new humiliation with the serene resignation which characterises her throughout the book. But, after having seen her beloved Sœur Marie-Aimée a last time, before the latter leaves for a leper settlement, whither she goes to expiate her sin, Marie-Claire leaves the orphanage in her turn. Her sister, whom she has not met for many long years, comes to meet her, but gives her clearly to understand that she does not wish to be burdened with her. So Marie-Claire is left standing on the platform of the station, bewildered, sorrowful, with forty francs in her pocket. A train comes thundering in—a train bound for Paris. Almost unconsciously she steps into a compartment, resolved to try and obtain work in the great city.

Paris has brought fame and glory to Mme. Audoux. Her novel is a very great success; the press is unanimous in praising it, and well may it do so, for in "Marie-Claire" are disclosed psychological faculties almost painfully natural and acute. One feels that when Mme. Audoux describes her characters she makes no effort in so doing; her observation is so clear and penetrating that

she strips her personages of all superfluities so as to give them only their most concrete expression. Indeed, Mme. Audoux's manner of writing is in many ways comparable to the sketches of the celebrated French sculptor, Rodin, who in one stroke of his pencil draws the outline of a human figure—but an outline in which are revealed all the muscle-play and the tense movement of a human body.

The ending of the book seems to predict that we shall soon meet Marie-Claire in Paris. But the question is, Will the qualities so particular to Mme. Audoux's manner suit a novel having as centre round which the action would revolve this exceedingly "relentless city"? And now that Mme. Audoux has tasted the sweetness of fame, will she still be able to preserve in her novels that rustic, naïve, and delicious simplicity which is the innermost charm of "Marie-Claire"? These questions the future will solve.

Of course, "Marie-Claire" may please and interest one more or less; that depends upon the taste, temperament, and sensibility of the reader. But whatever one's opinion may be, one cannot help recognising that this simple story will remain among the *chefs d'œuvre* of modern French literature. And it will long continue to be a subject of wonder how a poor, uncultivated workwoman could have conceived and achieved such a book, unless we remember La Rochefoucauld's maxim: "*La sincérité est une ouverture de cœur.*"

The Infinite Capacity. By COSMO HAMILTON. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

MR. COSMO HAMILTON has presented the reading public with a volume of infinite capacity. It is the story of a genius who cannot claim to be a human being, except in so far as his genius leads him into monstrous excesses. A son of the people, he was raised above the people by his genius; but in every point, except one, when his genius slept or was dormant, he was not only a son of the people, but a son of the worst type of the people. The man Aië commenced his career in obscurity as a member of the orchestra of a low class café in Paris. His genius as a violinist came to be recognised; the man who was less than nothing was immediately worshipped as little less than a god. Huge and extravagant sums were paid for the privilege of admittance to the concerts where he was to perform. Rich and fashionable women, often the most foolish class to be found, metaphorically kissed the ground upon which he trod. The man himself was wholly indifferent to this worship. His fleeting affections were usually bestowed in the lowest quarters of Paris. Such affection as he had to bestow appeared only at intervals, and was apt to be rapidly forgotten. Indeed, outside of his art the man's mind was more often than not a blank. One day he was entirely oblivious of the actions which he had performed on the preceding day. The fact that he found it hard to remember his engagements, which had to be carefully noted for him by an absurd little person named Zosime, was not remarkable, as many intellectual men are similarly afflicted.

The real transition of the story to something more than ordinary occurs when Aië visits Beaver Park on the invitation of Lady Elizabeth Greenfield, who is married to a pompous Liberal politician who, in consequence of wearing the Nonconformist conscience on his coat-sleeve, has achieved the position of Colonial Secretary. Lady Elizabeth's union with this Liberal monstrosity has, of course, proved uncongenial, and at one stage of her career nearly involved a catastrophe. The son and Pat, the daughter, were brought up in inevitably uncongenial surroundings. Their mother was always acting a part and their father spouting platitudes from the leaflets of the Liberal Central Office.

In this unfortunate state of circumstances Lady Elizabeth fell under the spell of Aië, with the result that she invited him to Beaver Park to take part in a concert to raise funds for a local object. A manly young fellow,

Harry Steynor, had long been in love with Pat, and had at this very moment put an important question to her, which Pat had undertaken to answer in a few days.

The mountebank and his violin appear on the scene—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*—Pat, tired of her mother's acting and her father's nauseous political allusions, is attracted by Aië. Aië falls into the convulsions and volcanic eruptions which are natural to genius. The girl's imagination is conquered, and she consents to flight with Aië, under the mistaken belief that she can be useful to a person who is utterly useless and positively detrimental except when he is playing the fiddle. From this point events march somewhat more slowly than could be desired. Evidently a semi-climax has been reached. Greatly as I admire the work, I should like to see more swiftness from this point up to the climax.

Pat, in consenting to run away with Aië, did not fully realise the import and the tendencies of the step which she had taken. Thoroughly imbued with the uselessness in his political work of her father, the Colonial Secretary, she had conceived the notion that it would be a grand thing to do some useful work in the world. Aië told her he needed her. She, knowing the utterly irresponsible creature that he was, fancied that she could be useful to him in his work. She entirely misunderstood the situation; to be useful to Aië was Zosime's function.

Arrived at Paris at the Hotel de Crillon, the man is in transports. He engages the best suite in the hotel. He rushes out, past shopping hours, to buy up flowers for all that money will purchase. His wife is tired. He returns with the flowers. His wife has retired and locked the door. He pleads through it. She tells him she is tired and must rest. He raves, he stamps, he rages, he kicks at the door, but he receives no other reply. He cries out in agony, "Very good! I see. I am not to enter heaven. I am not to be among the angels. Very well, then. *Tonnerre de Dieu!* I will be a fallen angel with a vengeance. To the Moulin Rouge! To Hell!"

Aië, being a genius, does nothing by halves, and he fully acts up to the part which he has prescribed for himself.

Pat, in the meantime, fails to realise the situation, and it is not until her mother, Lady Elizabeth, arrives in Paris that she for the first time comes to understand Aië and his proceedings.

The remainder of the book, admirably clever in dialogue, though somewhat delayed in action, leads up to the inevitable conclusion. Two obstacles intervene. Firstly, Aië is stricken with brain fever, and it is only through the presence of Pat at his bedside that his life is saved. He returns shortly to his former way of living. Pat, left alone, is visited by her former lover, Captain Steynor. Elopement is decided on. But again the hand of Fate delays the inevitable. Aië, motoring with a party of his café friends, is the victim of a motor accident, in which he loses his bow arm. The violin is silenced for ever, but not the tongue of the gamin who had risen to greatness. Pat and Zosime have to bear the misery of his blasphemies and reproaches. A happy event releases them. Having gone to live in a provincial town, Aië discovers a boy. What that discovery means is told in these words, remembering Nancine was at one time Aië's "little Nancine":

"So this is the boy I found you singing to sleep!"

"Yes," said Nancine.

"What a boy he has grown! Look at his hands; feel the bumps behind his ears. Nancine! my little Nancine, you are the mother of one who will be famous throughout the world! Think what those hands and those bumps will do with a violin! I don't understand it!"

There was a curious little smile on Nancine's face! At that point we gallop to the end. Zosime takes the necessary measures to free Pat, and she becomes the happy spouse of Captain Steynor.

The book is extraordinarily clever. I hope it will not be too clever for the ordinary reader of novels. Poetry, romance, satire, and literary grace abound. If Mr. Cosmo Hamilton had never written other works which had com-

manded general admiration, he would have made his fame as a literary man by having been the author of "The Infinite Capacity."

CECIL COWPER.

Justice! By MARIE C. LEIGHTON. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

WE should imagine that in the composition of her story "Justice!" Marie C. Leighton has laid under contribution every sensational novel upon which she has been able up to now to place her hands. We say this in no disparaging sense, for the plot of the story is undoubtedly all her own, and most of the thrilling incidents she weaves into it have long since become the common property of writers of "shockers," whether published at sixpence or six shillings. Neither would we deny that many of the startling episodes of the story are entirely the fruit of her own wonderfully fertile brain. Yet, on the other hand, the one which predominates over all the strange happenings—the dual personality of Mr. Wilford-Bruce, the eminent K.C.—is nothing more than a rehash of our old acquaintances, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, who were perhaps not entirely original either. The story was evidently first written for publication in serial form in small, not to say homeopathic, doses, and we have to congratulate Marie C. Leighton on the vast ingenuity she has displayed in crowding into a single story the multifarious "curtains" her book contains. Those who have a palate for strong meat of this description, and plenty of it, will be more than satisfied with a course of "Justice!" But we venture to think it will take another Milo to devour it at a sitting. For our own part, not being gifted with such an insatiable appetite as the famous athlete, we found it advisable to proceed cautiously, on the principle of "cut and come again," with more or less lengthy intervals for mental digestion between each portion. But we must not forget the dessert, when, after all these courses of highly spiced forcement, two loving couples make their bow to the reader to the joyous peal of the wedding-bells, which should at least please the ladies.

The Bungalow Under the Lake. By CHARLES E. PEARCE. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

THOSE who delight in shocks and thrills and the horrors of the sordid side of life, relieved at opportune moments by gorgeous displays of the frocks and frills and the frivolous diversions of the smart set, will find themselves catered for galore in Mr. Charles E. Pearce's latest novel, "The Bungalow under the Lake." But they must not expect too much of the bungalow, which appears so little in the story that it might very well never have entered into it. Nevertheless, this mysterious sub-aqueous dwelling-place serves the purpose, metaphorically speaking, of a pivot around which are evolved the strange doings of as varied an assortment of intriguing men and women as the most exacting craving for sensationalism could well desire. The different characters are imbued with life, often of a very creepy kind, by a master hand, which piles on the agony unstintingly. Mr. Pearce evidently knows his London well, and is as much at home in the fashionable tea-rooms of Bond Street as in the squalid purloons of Rotherhithe, in the consulting-room of a dubious medical practitioner as in the "library" where the cancelled notes are stored down in the vaults of the Bank of England. The characters include a quixotic, rough, uncultured millionaire, who marries a well-born but penniless girl many years his junior; a scheming olive-skinned doctor who sticks at nothing; a vile old hag of Malayan extraction, and her fascinating grand-daughter Neiza, the snake girl and dancer; an unsophisticated young nobleman, who is the doctor's rival; and a no-better-than-she-should-be Carrie Daintree, alias Cassandra, who runs the "snugery" in Bond Street. Motor-cars are bowling along every other page—it is extraordinary what wonderful things can be accomplished by their means—but as an

old cockney we observe with pleasure that on one occasion the humble hansom, the fast vanishing gondola of London, is called into requisition.

Silverwool. By EMILY JENKINSON. (Edward Arnold. 6s.)

IN this exceptionally good little story, which unfortunately reaches us rather late, we have a clever presentation of a side of life which does not often come before the novel-reader. Life in the remote villages of Westmorland or Cumberland—we are hardly sure which county forms the scene of the book—is sufficiently apart from ordinary experience to render a fascinating description of it something of an achievement. Unpretentiously, but very beautifully, Miss Jenkinson tells of these farmers and shepherds, of their loves, joys, and sorrows on the fells and in the dales, and for any reader who has an eye to picturesque writing, choice language, and an excellent sense of atmosphere, the story of "Silverwool" will be most enjoyable. "Silverwool" is a prize sheep, and we cannot say that we found ourselves particularly interested in his adventures; but his owner, Joe Wain, is a splendidly conceived character. So is Betty, Joe's frivolous and tantalising daughter, who held her true lover, Luke Heron, at arm's length until he simply took her by storm.

The man in love with Betty, to whom she was denied—Ishmael Grey, the deformed clergyman—is another fine conception. His patience under the constant trials which his unruly and tactless parishioners imposed upon him; his perseverance, his quiet relinquishing of Betty after a period of unreasonable hoping; his indomitable pluck; his courage in the face of laughter and ridicule—all these things endear him to the reader. We have no space to do more than record the really exquisite passages of description with which the book abounds; but we can sincerely congratulate the author on a first novel of unusual promise.

THE THEATRE

HARDY DRAMATISED: "THE MELLSTOCK QUIRE."

SHOULD the work of Thomas Hardy be dramatised? Many will prefer to answer the question in the negative. The Wessex novels are full of the dramatic element, but it is so subtly interwoven with the various aspects of Nature, the gloom of Egdon Heath, the long white road, the peaceful time of milking, that human drama and a psychological study of landscape cannot be presented together on the stage. These two factors are inseparable to a full appreciation of Hardy's genius. Hills and valleys, roads and forests are not so much descriptive padding; they are vital forces that play a most important part in the destinies of Hardy's characters. In addition, there is inexorable Fate—Greek in origin, and not of the Wessex country in particular—that stands unmoved in shattering the hopes of Marty South, or Jude, or Tess. These things are above the machinations of stagecraft, so that those who witness Hardy dramatised readily perceive that the real spirit of the novelist's work is almost absent in a version that cannot be more than a faint adaptation of the original.

We are grateful, however, to Mr. A. H. Evans for writing "The Mellstock Quire," a play based upon "Under the Greenwood Tree." He has chosen Hardy's only comedy. It is a work presenting fewer difficulties for the dramatist than would be the case in the other novels. This play was excellently performed by the Dorchester Debating and Dramatic Society, under the auspices of the Society of Dorset Men in London, at the Cripplegate Institute, on December 1. Mr. Evans has taken considerable licence in his stage version. He could not, however, have done otherwise, and as his alterations have met with Hardy's approval, we cannot raise an objection. Mr. Evans had no easy task, and on the whole he has done his

work extremely well. He has brought into prominence such delightful rustics as the Dewys, Robert Penny, the cobbler who could read character from lasts, Thomas Leaf, the village clown, who was impersonated by a gentleman who had painted the excellent scenery, and Gran'fer William, chief of the rustics, an infallible authority on old-world matters.

The play opens with Mellstock village upon a snowy Christmas Eve. The muffled rustics, with their instruments and lanterns, are immensely droll. They are nothing if not voluble, and it is safe to say that there would be no carols without the necessary discussion preceding them. Gran'fer William, in a high-pitched voice, describes harmoniums as "miserable dumbledores," and one and all come to the conclusion that "nothing will spak to your heart w' the sweetness o' strings." After these preliminaries the Quire strikes up, and men and boys sing a carol in hearty fashion for the benefit of the new schoolmistress, Fancy Day, who is destined to play havoc with the Vicar's heart and do away with the ancient performances of the time-honoured Quire. The carol is well received, and Fancy comes to the door in scant attire, whereupon Dick Dewy loses no time in falling in love with her. Thanks to Mr. Evans, the guileless youth does his love-making in a remarkably rapid manner. The scene concludes with another carol outside Shiner's house. Here the rustics meet with anything but appreciation, and Shiner, in language scarcely suitable for the occasion, warmly denounces them. One of the rustics shouts, with sublime indifference to "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men," "Play fortissimy, and drown his spaking!" Hardy never descends to farce, even in such a scene as this, but Mr. Martin, perhaps remembering one of Fred Karno's troupes, flings out pillows and garments upon the indignant rustics. Even irritated churchwardens do not do this sort of thing in actual life, and Hardy gives a sufficiently vivid picture of Shiner by describing him as "wildly flinging his arms and body about in the form of capital X's and Y's."

In the third act we find that Dick has rivals for Fancy's hand. There is the Vicar, and also Shiner. In Fancy's sitting-room the Vicar (and not Dick Dewy, as in the book) makes himself useful by attempting to hang up pictures. He drinks tea from a saucer, and washes his hands, with those of Fancy's, in a tin bowl. Before, however, he can proceed further, he is hastily called away to see a parishioner, and Dick Dewy comes a-courting. In spite of the fact that he parts his hair in the middle, he does his love-making in truly rural fashion. Fancy, however, is jealous, and tells him how she flirted with Shiner. She narrates her imagined experience with delightful effect, and her lover must have been aware from the start how appropriate her Christian name was. Fancy's father, however, is set on his daughter marrying the prosperous Shiner, but, thanks to Elizabeth's idea of getting the schoolmistress to feign illness, Day's objections are eventually overcome.

In the concluding act the Vicar, perceiving where Fancy's love is, resigns his claim. It is a pity he does so in rather a stained-glass window attitude. In this scene, owing to a lapse in stage-management, the rustics sit in a semi-circle, and are strongly reminiscent of a nigger performance. Objection must be taken to the Tranter (Mr. W. R. Bawler) introducing gag on his own account. We point out these defects in no cavilling spirit, but with the honest intention of trying to prevent a repetition of same in the future. There is much genuine talent among these players. The rustics had crept from the pages of Hardy's book, and lived their lives over again in front of the footlights, and Miss Ethel Hawker's interpretation of the much-wooded Fancy Day was a very pleasing and finished performance.

MUSIC

Our forefathers, it would seem, loved the melody made by wind instruments more than we do. Horace Walpole told George Montagu that when he accompanied Lady Caroline Petersham ("having just finished her last layer of red, and looking as handsome as crimson could make her") on a brilliant party to Vauxhall, the barge in which they paraded up and down the river was "attended by a boat of French horns." Nowadays Father Thames, it is to be feared, has to put up with gramophones, or the music made by scratch "quadrille bands," and it would not be very easy to engage a company of wind-players with a suitable repertoire, unless, perhaps, the "Société Moderne d'Instruments à Vent" were paying London one of their welcome visits. These very accomplished and enterprising artists gave a concert last week in Bechstein Hall, which, if only for its novel surprises, was remarkably interesting and agreeable. We do not go so far as Lady Montfort when she told Endymion, "A new acquaintance is like a new book; I prefer it, even if bad, to an old acquaintance," but we do most cordially welcome such new acquaintances as these wind-players and their music. The artists are brilliant, the horn-players, MM. Capdevielle and Baillieux, being as fine as any we have heard, and their music is fresh and entertaining, always clever, and sometimes amusing. With the exception of a sonata for flute, composed by Michel Blavet, who flourished under Louis XV., all the music was as modern as possible. The sonata, a charming old pattern of grace and vivacity, with a curious English flavour about its allegro and its rondo, was beautifully played by M. Fleury, an artist well known and greatly regarded in London, and was accompanied by M. Flament, one of the bassoon players. Of the moderns, we had a delightful *divertissement* by Vincent d'Judy. It consisted of a chanson and some dances, gayer in character than one might have expected (for M. d'Judy is often as dull as he is immaculate), and better to listen to than a *divertissement* by Emile Bernard, with which the programme began. We wondered what César Franck would have thought of his pupil (a successor at St. Clotilde), M. Gabriel Pierné's adventure in a prelude and fuguetta for the eight wind instruments. This was as lively as are some of Bach's fugues, and we found it amusing as well as clever, and certainly more agreeable than M. Caplet's "Suite Persane." Heard in the distance, among the rose gardens of Ispahan, and played by people out of the Arabian Nights, it might have been very well, but in Bechstein Hall we found no compensation for its ugliness, and were tempted to apply to it what Mme. de Sevigné said of some one: "Il abusait de la permission qu'ont les hommes d'être laids." At this concert, Mme. Durand-Texte sang many modern French songs with an art and a sympathy so perfect that the fact that her voice is not of particularly agreeable quality did not matter at all. She was specially effective in some of Reynaldo Hahn's settings of Leconte de Lisle's Latin lyrics, and it is a much harder task to sing Hahn in his later mood than his earlier. People whose ears were saluted for the first time by this modern French music would probably have pronounced it all very frightful, a succession of discordant noises without any "tune" whatever. They would have said, as poet Gray said of the French music of his time, that it consisted of "des miaulemens et des heurlesmens effroyables, mêlés avec un tintamarre du diable"; they would apply to the modern Frenchman the sarcasm that of old was directed against Rameau: "Le distillateur

d'accords baroques." But to the more accustomed ear this modern music (we will except the "Suite Persane") is strangely, smartly fresh and invigorating, and one does not taste the good music of an elder day the less after a banquet such as that offered by the Wind-players. Last Saturday Miss Maggie Teyte, and Mr. Beecham with his band, gave a programme of airs and overtures by Méhul, Grétry, Isouard, Monsigny, and Dalayrac, all of which were simple and innocent, sometimes almost naïve, yet beautiful, and by no means wanting in dramatic excellence. They were not heard, however, under happy conditions. The Æolian Hall is too small for such a band, and Mr. Beecham was generally too loud in his accompaniments, so that Miss Teyte's delicate art was severely handicapped. Still, she was singing deliciously, and especially in Monsigny's "Il regardait mon bouquet," Isouard's air from "Jeannot et Colin," and Dalayrac's "Jeunes Fillettes," did she delight her audience. Méhul's overture, "Le Trésor Supposé," an entr'acte from his "Hélène," and Grétry's Airs de Ballet from "Zémire" were the most charming of the orchestral pieces. We read, without surprise, that César Franck loved the music of these composers of the later eighteenth century, but, fragrant as it is, like an ancient vase of pot-pourri, the music made by their successors of to-day has an aroma much more pungent and stimulating.

If Æolian Hall is not the most suitable room for an orchestra, it was very much the right place for Mr. Plunket Greene's lecture on "Interpretation in Song." This provided us with a very pleasant evening. The effect was as if one had been at an agreeable party where the company had no reason to chatter, for all were sufficiently entertained in listening to the bright conversation, on a subject dear to them all, of a *causeur* who was at once sound and witty, serious and droll, who knew when to stop and illustrate his theories by singing a number of first-rate songs in unapproachable style. Mr. Greene told a story of the Irishman (this was in the course of his remarks on "diction") who apologised for being unable to speak plainly because "his mouth was inconveniently crowded with curses." Most of the lecturer's hearers must have felt at the end of the evening that their mouths were inconveniently crowded with expressions of gratitude. His insistence on the necessity of a perfect technique, of magnetism (which he defined happily as "an applied form of attraction"), of sense of atmosphere, of tone-colour, etc., was all very proper, but, after all, technique is really the only one of these gifts, indispensable for the fine interpreter, which can be acquired. As Mr. Greene said, "interpretation is individual, and cannot be taught," and when he explained "tone-colour" as the "unconscious response of the voice to the feelings," one could not but recall the host of singers who do not appear to have any "feelings," who are therefore guiltless of "tone-colour." Still, the lecture was full of hints likely to be of real use to any intelligent and striving singer. Use your imagination, visualise everything, never break the rhythm to take breath, sing as you speak—what golden rules are these! We were in full agreement with Mr. Greene's verdict that the greatest master of diction now before the public is Mr. Harry Lauder, and we wished fervently that all the clergymen, of whatever obedience, could have heard, not only his severe comments on clerical intoning and its slovenliness, but his wonderful reading of verses from what he called the finest prose-ballad he knew, the chapter about Nebuchadnezzar the King, the golden image, and the three holy children. That was a reading of Scripture which an archbishop might have envied. We must not forget the generous appeal to singers "not to spoil the good work of their accompanist," or his emphatic declaration that our British accompanists were second to none. Of course, Mr. Greene brought back Mr. Liddle with him to share the applause bestowed on the songs.

Mr. Schelling has given another very largely attended pianoforte recital in Queen's Hall, at which one hearer at least suffered a considerable disappointment. Instead of playing, as he had announced, Paderewski's fine and too little known sonata, he played the sonata of Chopin in B minor. It is very beautiful, but do we not all play it, and know it by heart? The last movement certainly showed off Mr. Schelling's extraordinary scale-playing to great advantage; no matter how deep the thunder which came from his left hand, the scales with the right hand were always brilliantly clear, and we have heard many distinguished pianists fail to accomplish this feat. In some of his smaller Chopin pieces Mr. Schelling's imitation of the manner of his master, M. Paderewski, was even too close, and a more personal performance would have had more freshness.

Miss Hostater, at a second recital, confirmed the opinion formed at her first concert, that she would be a more successful singer if she was more careful about her rhythm, and did not "drag the time." She sang Honi's ballad "I've been roaming," which we were glad, for old sake's sake, to hear, though it sounded rather odd among the songs of Scarlatti (Domenico), Mozart, and Schumann. But Miss Hostater may be advised to remember that she who sings a simple ballad should sing it simply. She tried to do too much with the little English song, as she did, also, with Scarlatti's "Se Fiorindo," which asks to be treated with a light, bright piquancy, and no affectation of a "grande passion."

At Queen's Hall, Mr. Smallwood Metcalfe's choir have given a concert of well-known madrigals, choruses, etc., which they sang with commendable accuracy and excellent tone. The choristers were so keenly anxious to do everything right that their singing was sometimes a good deal lacking in spontaneity, but greater ease will come with practice, and they are certainly on the way to become a capital choir. In Mr. W. A. Barrett's adaptation of "Matona" they showed plenty of variety of tone. The Queen's Hall symphony concert on Saturday brought forward Mischa Elman in Tchaikowsky's concerto, the work in which, as a wonderful boy, he made his fame. He is surely among the great violinists, and will become greater still. The programme was quite familiar, except for a suite for strings, cleverly arranged by Mr. Wood from some of Bach's works which are not well known. This scored a great success.

EXHIBITIONS

OLD MASTERS OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL.

THE Exhibition of Old Masters of the British School, organised by Messrs. Agnew on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, has now risen to the rank of an annual function of first-rate importance in the art world, and this year's show is well up to the high average of its predecessors. The firm has exceptional opportunities for gathering such a collection, and they use these to the best advantage, but there is something pathetic in the thought that there is hardly one of these splendid family portraits, the products of the golden age of English Art, that does not represent some ancient English family fallen upon evil days, if not evil tongues, and, forced by the pressure of the *res augusta domi*, to part with what should have been inalienable heirlooms. Properly to appreciate such pictures as these, they should be seen against the oak-panelled walls of the old houses where they were originally hung. Shown even to the advantage to which they appear at Messrs. Agnew's, in a well-lit and well-appointed gallery, newly cleaned and bright perhaps as when they left the studio of the painter,

they strike the beholder with something of a pang; they lose their antique flavour and their right associations with a past of which the last vestiges are rapidly slipping from us. They are passing, in a great measure, as we know, into the hands of American millionaires and gentlemen with patronymies in *heit* and *heim*; and to see them at Messrs. Agnew's is often for the British public to bid them a long and final farewell.

Sir Joshua is represented not unworthily. The versatility of his genius appears in the pretty little profile portrait of a child—the Hon. Theresa Parker, daughter of the first Lord Boringdon; the group of the Roffey family is a solid and careful piece of work, but not inspiring; the portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Beresford and her son displays some of the commoner mannerisms of the master, especially the screwed-up mouth with which he delighted to invest nearly every child whom he painted; a typically graceful female portrait, full of old-world charm, is that of the Hon. Mary Monckton; and a very clever family group, marred only by the awkward attitude of one of the children, is that termed “the Cottagers”—portraits of the Macklin family. Some of the figures are particularly charming, and show the master in his best form. Gainsborough's contribution is an average portrait of John Taylor, of Bordesley Park—it is a pity that no better example of the greatest of the eighteenth century masters was available on this occasion. Romney has some fine portraits to his credit—the graceful and beautiful full length of Lady Rouse-Boughton, the fine seated figure of Miss Clavering, and the famous group of the Clavering children, familiar to the world in John Raphael Smith's great mezzotint. The two other Romneys shown are unimportant beside these. Raeburn, too, has some striking canvases shown—particularly the strong and dignified portrait of the Hon. Anne Bempill, in which the artist appears at his best, and the characteristic three-quarter length of Mrs. Gordon, marked by that grave sadness of expression which Raeburn knew so well how to fix on his canvas.

Among other masters Hoppner is well represented by pictures in his earlier as well as in his later styles. Mrs. Parkyns, afterwards Lady Raneliffe, was one of the earliest friends of the struggling young artist, and stood god-mother to his son, afterwards the famous Arctic navigator; the picture is one which attracted the praise of Sir Walter Armstrong a quarter of a century since, when the artist was disregarded; and, even in its much-cleaned state, with the hard lines that bound the lips, deserves all the good that he said of it. At the other end of the scale the portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Augustus Phipps recalls, in its easy and powerful handling, and almost impressionist style, the fine portrait of the famous Duchess-Countess of Sutherland which used to hang at Trentham. Lawrence appears in his happier manner, more or less under the spell of Hoppner, in the full length of Viscountess Castlereagh. Three paintings by Turner are good, but hardly characteristic of the master at his best, and the same may be said of the Crome and the Morlands. There is a pretty picture, too, by W. Dyce, one of the less known eighteenth century men, who may yet come to have a market value when the millionaires have made off with all the works of their betters.

M. DULAC'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO FAIRY TALES.

In M. Dulac's water-colour illustrations to fairy tales now being exhibited at the Leicester Galleries there is the same feeling for harmonious colour and decorative composition which has always distinguished his art. An exquisite example is the picture of “Fatima receiving her Friends in her Husband's Absence,” though its delicate scheme of colour is something of a contrast to the richness of the other illustrations to “Bluebeard,” which, with their Eastern architectural backgrounds, recall the artist's beautiful designs for the “Arabian Nights.” Looking at

these pictures, one cannot but feel that it is primarily as a designer in colour that M. Dulac should be regarded. As an illustrator he often fails in dramatic expression. His Fatima giving back the fatal key and his Sister Anne leaning over the parapet do not express the emotions which their situations demand, while the Court Professors and the Ugly Sisters seem to have made a definite effort to be funny. Yet, on the other hand, there is a quaint, delightful sort of humour in “The Blue Butterfly—The Emblem of Youthful Love,” and “The Castle of the Sleeping Beauty, almost hidden by the dense woods that have grown up round it,” which is one of the most beautiful of the series, is also successful as an illustration.

In one direction we think M. Dulac has surpassed much of his earlier work, for his colour in these pictures is generally clearer and more transparent and has less the appearance of marble than formerly. This is an additional beauty. Besides the illustrations to “Bluebeard,” “The Sleeping Beauty,” “Beauty and the Beast,” “Cinderella,” and Paul Verlaine's “Fêtes Galantes,” there are several pictures of other subjects, of which the distracted old Professor who dreams that his treasured moths and butterflies are flying out of their cases and encircling his couch gives the artist an opportunity for one of those exquisite designs of his, in which the coloured butterflies shine like insect jewels.

THE REV. M. W. PETERS' PAINTINGS, AND OTHERS.

We are not sure that the Exhibition of the Rev. M. W. Peters' paintings, which has been got together at the Graves' Galleries, in Pall Mall, is rightly described as a minor exhibition. There are signs of a movement being afoot to raise Peters' work to a higher rank than has hitherto been accorded to it; and the importance of this exhibition lies in the fact that it is the first time that his pictures have been paid the compliment of having an exhibition to themselves. This exhibition should, we think, set the doubts, if there be any, as to Peters' greatness at rest. Into his odd career we need not enter here; suffice it that he took holy orders after a secular training as an artist, which had already won him an R.A., and that he has come down to history, in consequence, as the only clerical Academician. In these days it is safe to say that he would never have become an Academician at all. His work stands confessed as astonishingly unequal, and it was more bad than good. But when the afflatus was upon him, there is no denying that he could be very good. He painted his wife and children especially with an ease and abandon that sometimes recalls Romney; some of his male portraits, too, startle one in a wilderness of arid work, with their strength and virility. But these happy moments were few; and when we view the numerous canvases, ill-drawn and ill-coloured, with dark, beady eyes out of all keeping with the rest of the picture, we understood what occasion he must have given to such sharp-tongued critics as Gifford and Hoppner, and to such unscrupulous libellers as Anthony Pasquin and Peter Pindar. It is a collection which we are glad to have seen, but which we do not think likely to be repeated.

Of Mr. Ronald Mackenzie's pictures of India, shown at McLean's Galleries, in the Haymarket, it would be difficult to speak too highly. He gives us India as it is, and his wonderful pictures of charges of Baluchi and Pathan horsemen are fine pieces of figure painting, which can rarely have been excelled. With equal fidelity he catches the characteristic features of Indian landscape and its marvellous lights and shadows. With tigers in the open he is not quite so successful, but the difficulties that stand in the way of the artist who seeks such studies are practically insuperable.

The small collection of the late Mr. Staats Forbes' pictures at Mr. Powers' Gallery in Victoria Street merits an approving notice. It contains many good and delicate pieces of work by modern masters, French and English, and there are some particularly good specimens of work by members of the Barbizon School.

OUR LETTER FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—We must at all times endeavour to make excuses for unsatisfactory markets, fall in prices, and generally depressing business. I really think that this time we have some valid reason for our want of life, and that is, of course, Politics. When they get on the nerves of the investing public, it takes a deal of persuading to coax people into any sort or kind of speculation, and I fail to see how they can be blamed. Those blest with a vote at this most important period of their country's history have an opportunity to say aye or nay to the Little Englander, the Socialist, and the self-seeker.

The choice is theirs, and let them remember the wise words of a great thinker: "Don't nurse opportunity too long; take it into active partnership with you at once, lest it leave you for other company."

In the Mining market all attention is turned to the results of the poll, and little heart is left for real business; but come what may we cannot for long stand still, and this may mean a chance to buy cheap stock. I fancy we may see a rise in Diamond shares before very long. We have had a good move in Robert Victors and De Beers, and now I hear of a possible rise in a new diamond share called the North Kimberley Diamond Mines, Limited. The capital of this company is quite small, some £37,500 in 5s. shares, fully paid. The property is situated some three miles west of the De Beers mine. It consists of 250 acres, and has two pipes. The "A" pipe has been worked to a depth of 250ft. and over 2,000,000 loads are stated to have been raised and treated, yielding (as shown by official returns) from five to six carats per 100 loads. The estimated profits, taking Mr. Bennett's figures, should produce a net revenue of some £16,429, which would be equal to over fifty per cent. per annum. Allowing these figures to be anything like correct, the shares now standing at 12s. to 12s. 6d. appear a very fair speculation.

American Rails are a great puzzle to a good many of us. They always have been, and I take it, ever will be. But they give plenty of excitement, and a good run for your money, be you "bull" or "bear." The public as a rule are "bulls," because some people reason that it is immoral to sell what you have not got. It may be so, but, nevertheless, some clever heads do nothing else, and seem to thrive on it. I am always of the opinion that it is a good scheme to buy Yankees when they are flat, and take a fair profit on your risk when they are strong.

The political position has been responsible for the fall in Consols below 80 again, and the desire to sell Home Rails. The fall has been chiefly among the heavy or trade lines, the passenger stocks showing little change. If we are to drift into the hands of the Labour Party, which heaven forbid, then, of course, we cannot hope for much safety in our Home Railway stocks. So much depends upon this question, that it almost becomes dangerous to form any opinion as to the future of this class of investment. Given normal conditions, I am greatly in favour of the Railway market.

Cement shares have been quite a feature of the industrial market, and there were several reasons given for their activity. I believe the real solution will be found in the endeavour of certain interested parties to obtain control. I get this from a well-informed quarter, who do not speak without their book. Hudson Bays have been another strong feature in this section, and Anglo "A" much in demand. I would not trust these cable companies too far, however, as I think sooner or later science will, as in a measure it has already, found a substitute in the Marconi wireless. We are living in an age of rapid and marvellous progression. What we shall arrive at in another hundred years makes one hold their breath.

The report of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, one of the best managed of our great steamship companies, is most interesting reading. The profits are about the same as last year. The years 1907, 1908, and 1909 were not good, but in the latter days of 1909 business showed a turn for the better, and the Indian trade was particularly good. The company has been able to maintain its trade with China, notwithstanding the competition of the Siberian Railway. A very interesting subject has been raised in the columns of the *Financial News* on the point of custody of bearer bonds. The question raised by a correspondent was: What would be the safest method to adopt in the event of one having money on deposit with your bank and wishing to invest part of it in "bearer" securities? Should you instruct your banker to buy them through their own brokers, and to retain them in their custody, giving you a receipt for same, or buy them direct yourself through a broker and hold them yourself? Again, if the latter were the case, and you lost your bonds, or they were burnt or stolen, what remedy would you have against the issuing company? The answer given to our friend seems sensible and plain. It amounts to this. That if the bank bought them

and held them for you, they would be perfectly safe, and there could be no fear of loss. You could keep them in a tin box at the bank, and when the coupons attached became due you simply have to call, cut them off, and pay them into your account. Or you could leave them with the bank, who would do the necessary for you, and credit you with the result. Or, again, and I concur with the *Financial News* in thinking this would be the wiser method—viz., keep the bonds in a safe deposit company, where you can always rent a safe. If you are a married man, rent the safe in your wife's name, so that if you should be the first to go under, then she would have no legal difficulty in at once obtaining possession of the property.

Signs are not wanting that the Tea trade shows evidence of a revival. This should be good news for Mincing Lane. Tea shares have never been a very active market on the Stock Exchange, but a lot of money has been made out of them in past years, and may be again. The Rajawella Produce Company, Limited, held their annual general meeting on Tuesday last, and the chairman, Mr. Robert A. Gray, had a very pleasant task to perform, as he was able to show, notwithstanding unfavourable weather during the greater part of the year, a vast improvement in the company's position. Besides tea, which is, of course, their mainstay, they have planted some 200,000 rubber trees, and were able to obtain the capital price of 6s. 4d. per lb. for it. The report of the meeting will be seen near this letter. Nile Valley shares held their own, as did Gwalia Props, which are about to float another Bullfinch property.

Canadian Pacifics improved on the good traffic returns for the end of November, but Trunks were weak on forced selling by tired "bulls." It is impossible to say how markets will shape themselves during the next few weeks, as we not only have the General Election acting as a disturbing feature, but Christmas is close upon us, and I fear this year it may act as a further cause to keep markets dull.—Yours faithfully,

FINANCIAL OBSERVER.

RAJAWELLA PRODUCE

CHAIRMAN'S EXHAUSTIVE REVIEW OF THE COMPANY'S POSITION.

The ordinary general meeting of the Rajawella Produce Company, Limited, was held on Tuesday, the 6th inst., at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Mr. Robert A. Gray (chairman of the company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. T. Percival West, F.C.A.) read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report.

The Chairman said:—"In proposing that the directors' report and balance-sheet be received and adopted, I have to regret that, through illness, one of my co-directors (Mr. Dick-Lauder) is not present, having been ordered abroad by his doctor. He is a gentleman of the highest integrity, and would be a great loss to any directorate with which he has been associated, but more especially should we miss him, because he brings to bear upon the affairs of the company a knowledge of Ceylon and a technical knowledge as a planter.

"The quantity of tea produced amounted to 2,527,233lb., and with regard to that figure you must remember that we have leased two of our estates, and the result is that the total amount of tea is slightly less; but still our great hope is that that item will, one of these days, have a three instead of a two in front of it. We are all living in hopes that these estates will produce 3,000,000lb. of tea; and if we can get 3,000,000lb. of tea at a cost of 28 cents a pound, I do not think we need worry much more about dividends. The yield of cocoa was very satisfactory, and the price, compared with last year, was only 1d. difference, so we should, on the whole, be satisfied with that. The rubber produced amounted to 34,334lb. Everyone is anxious to know 'what about rubber?' Well, there are only 35,000lb. of rubber, as compared with over 2,500,000lb. of tea; but, although the rubber may not be as much as some of you anticipate, it is more than we estimated for. Next year, or the year after, that figure will be increased considerably; but as regards the amount we shall receive from it, that is a matter for Mincing Lane.

"You see from the report that during the year 840 acres of forest and waste land have been cleared and planted—245 acres of tea, 440 acres with rubber, and 155 acres with cocoa-cum-rubber. That, of course, is a fine result, and I should say it is possible that we might plant up another 500 or 600 acres. (Applause.) You must not imagine, although your estates represent close upon 19,000 acres, that all these acres are suitable lands for our produce. You come here, most of you perhaps, optimistic, and under the impression you are going to be busy soon in declaring a dividend. (Hear, hear.) Personally, I do not see why you should not, except if the weather conditions are favourable; but still we have a certain amount of ground to get over. We have to redeem the second debentures, which represent now, I believe, about £16,000 or £17,000, and after

that we can gradually begin to pay a dividend on the Preference shares. It is most important that you should recollect that this company is, as I told you some years ago, essentially a tea company. I am interested in rubber companies, and I am a believer in rubber; but I believe more in tea than in rubber. I believe tea has got an enormous future. It has been the policy of your board, wherever we have deforested land in Ceylon, that where rubber would grow better than tea we have planted rubber. Perhaps I should not be wearying you if I gave you a few figures to show you what tea means in Ceylon. In the year 1880 there were 115,000lb. of tea shipped from Ceylon; ten years after that there were above 47,000,000lb. of tea; ten years later, which was 1900, there were 148,000,000lb.; and in 1909, which was only nine years on top of that, there were nearly 192,000,000lb. of tea shipped from Ceylon. That shows you what an enormous and increasing industry the tea industry is."

The Chairman, in conclusion, said:—"I will not detain you longer, but will move the adoption of the directors' report and accounts, and I will ask the two gentlemen here, who have been of the greatest assistance to us, to second that resolution. I allude to Lord Furness to second and Mr. Peel to support it."

Lord Furness said he regarded it in the nature of a compliment to be called upon to second the motion for the adoption of the report and balance-sheet, a duty which usually fell upon one of the directors. He was glad to be able to join with the shareholders in the expression of satisfaction at the great change in the position of the company in which they were all so vitally interested. (Hear, hear.) He was an original shareholder, having applied for his shares in the ordinary way, and these shares he still held. (Applause.) Whether the shares stood at a premium or discount was a matter that might be termed of comparatively secondary consideration; but what was of primary importance was that they should realise to the full, from the chairman's statement and from the report presented, that they were now in the position of being before long rewarded for the long years of waiting for the dividend. He rejoiced to know that the chairman had acquainted himself with all the intricate facts of the business, and that his great aim had been to pull the company round. All would eventually rejoice that the company was on a sound dividend-paying basis, and this would reflect the greatest credit upon the chairman and directors. (Loud applause.)

Mr. Wickham Jones also expressed satisfaction at the report and balance-sheet. He had, he said, gathered from the observations made by the chairman that, although tea was the backbone of the business, every attention was being given to rubber. He was confident that there was every prospect of the company receiving an increased revenue from the sale of rubber as well as from tea, and he wished the directors every success in their efforts.

The resolution was then put to the meeting, and carried unanimously.

Mr. Hide said he hoped the meeting would not separate without passing a very hearty vote of thanks to the chairman and directors for the able and careful way in which they had managed the property. The company had been passing through very stormy weather; but they had weathered the storm in a manner which entitled the chairman and the board to the hearty congratulations of the shareholders. That they were going to have dividends there was not the slightest doubt. Rubber, as the chairman had said, was practically a secondary consideration. In all tea and rubber estates in Ceylon the tea must be the primary consideration.

Mr. Wingfield seconded the resolution.

A shareholder, in supporting the resolution, said he travelled all the way from Lancashire to be present at the meeting. For some years they were going through a stormy period, and if shareholders, instead of writing to the papers, had done as he had—kept his shares—they would have every reason to be satisfied with themselves.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

The Chairman, in acknowledging the vote, said the shareholders might rest assured that the directors would do their best for the company, and he hoped that when they met next year they would have a still better result to put before the shareholders.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF HEREDITY."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—While it seems to be generally a good rule never to reply to critics—for a good book ought to stand in need of no defence—I would fain draw attention to two points raised by the reviewer of my book, "The First Principles of Heredity." Both being fundamental points of great importance should not be passed over in silence.

Firstly, the kind reviewer objects to the use of "the jargon of so-called science" in a book pre-eminently intended for the beginner. Unfortunately, exact terminology is an unavoidable essential to any science. As the ordinary connotation of words is not distinct enough for scientific purposes, very many scientific ideas not even being expressible in such terms, science has to invent a new vocabulary of its own. Your reviewer may well be able to express terms like "homologous" and "heterodynamous" in better-sounding English, but to write a whole treatise by circumscribing all such terms into long-winded sentences would be not only impossible, but, if achievable, confusion worse confounded. Furthermore, seeing that the beginner is expected to be made conversant with the biological terminology of to-day, for further study, the book by not doing so would have failed in its very purpose.

The second point is of even greater importance. Eugenics does not only take note of the physically unfit. It lays as much, if not greater, weight on mental and moral fitness. Besides, the unfit in the eugenic sense are not the casually enfeebled or diseased, but the hereditarily degenerate. Neither Nelson nor Carlyle belonged to the latter class, and they would not have been eliminated by Eugenists.

I heartily agree with the concluding remarks of your reviewer, that biological considerations alone do not exhaust the field of Sociology. But, then, my book is a text-book of Heredity, and not of Social Science.—Yours, etc., S. HERBERT, M.D.
147, Cheetham Hill Road, Manchester.

ZOLA AND "LA TERRE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The saying goes that, Give Falsehood half-an-hour's start, and Truth will never be able to overtake her. I am sorry to see THE ACADEMY again circulating the statement that Zola's horrible picture in "La Terre" of the French peasant is a true one. About eighteen months ago, under the late editor, your paper did me the honour to print two or three letters of mine on this very subject, in which I brought conclusive evidence from French authorities on this point. I need not repeat that evidence now. The interested reader will find in the first volume, page 225, of Anatole France's "La Vie Littéraire," a scathing criticism of "La Terre," in which, with other evidence, an interesting letter is printed from a French country doctor who had worked twenty years among the peasants, in which he gives the lie to M. Zola at every point. It may perhaps be objected that M. France is only one witness; the verdicts of Jules Lemaitre in "Les Contemporains," Vol. I., page 249, and of Brunetière in "Le Roman Naturaliste," pages 157-9, are to the same effect. These distinguished Frenchmen all repudiate Zola with indignation as the victim of an obscene imagination. To these I may add the verdict of the great Russian who has just died. Tolstol rejected "La Terre" as incredible on its own statement. France, he said very truly, has been, and still is, a great nation; a nation, a society founded on a common people as inconceivably corrupt as Zola represents it, would at once collapse!

The French Revolution may or may not have been a blessing, but "la carrière ouverte aux talents" of every Frenchman, however low born, was certainly one of its results. Of the twenty-four or so Marshals of France created by Napoleon, only two were what we understand in England by the word "gentlemen." The list of illustrious Frenchmen in the last century—writers, artists, statesmen, and ambassadors—who were the sons of peasants or working-people is a very long one: Millet, Pasteur, Littré, Paul Baudry, Faure, and Loubet, to quote only a few from memory. A rotten tree does not bear such fruit! In conclusion let me quote a passage from Matthew Arnold's essay on "Equality in Mixed Essays," page 71:—"Mr. Hamerton is an excellent observer and reporter, and has lived many years in France. He says of the French peasantry that they are exceedingly ignorant." So they are. But he adds:—"They are at the same time full of intelligence, their manners are excellent, they have delicate perceptions, they have tact, they have a certain refinement which a brutalised peasantry could not possibly have. If you talk to one of them at his own home, or in his field, he will enter into conversation with you quite easily, and sustain his part in a perfectly becoming way with a pleasant combination of dignity and quiet humour. The interval between him and a Kentish labourer is enormous." I have myself lived in France nearly two years, and I can confirm this from my own experience. At first I thought myself in the Kingdom of Heaven, so amazing were the charm and urbanity of the common people, the only plebs in the world who combine easy familiarity with perfect respect. Experience, of course, showed me that the Frenchman, being human, has numerous and gross faults of his own: but I shall always believe that the French peasant is the best bred specimen of his class in the world!—Yours faithfully, H. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

- The City of Man.* By A. Scott Matheson. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.
- The River and I.* By John G. Neihardt. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 7s. 6d. net.
- Via Mystica.* By Cyril M. Picciotto. W. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge. 1s. 6d. net.
- A Château in Brittany.* By Mary J. Atkinson. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.
- Un Mois à Rome.* By André Maurel. Illustrated. Hachette and Co. 7fr. 50c.
- Sites Délaissés d'Orient (Du Sinai à Jérusalem.)* By Comte Jean de Kergorlay. Illustrated. Hachette and Co. 5fr. 50c.
- Golden Thoughts of Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania.* Translated by Permission by H. Sutherland Edwards. Portrait Frontispiece. John Lane. 1s. net.
- The Guide to South Africa for the Use of Tourists, Sportsmen, Invalids and Settlers.* 18th Edition. With Maps. Sampson, Low and Co. 2s. 6d.
- Within Hospital Walls.* By Lady Lindsay. Kegan Paul and Co. 1s. net.
- Irish Railways and their Nationalisation. A Criticism of the Report of the Vice-Regal Commission.* By Edwin A. Pratt. P. S. King and Son. 6d.
- Some Recollections of my Tour with a Musical Comedy Company in India and Java.* By Gertrude de Lacy. John Ouseley. 1s. net.
- A Medley of Sport.* By J. M. M. B. Durham ("Marshman"). Illustrated. Gibbings and Co. 7s. 6d. net.
- The Discoverer, and In the Queen's Room. Dramas in Metre.* By Frank Frankfort Moore. Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.
- Ports and Fair Havens.* By Edith King-Hall. Illustrated by H. Seppings Wright. Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.
- Anathema: A Tragedy in Seven Scenes.* By Leonid Andreyev. Authorised Translation by Herman Bernstein. Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.
- The Oscar Wilde Calendar. A Quotation from the Works of Oscar Wilde for Every Day in the Year.* Frank Palmer. 1s. net.
- Essays in Imitation.* By Algernon Cecil. John Murray. 3s. 6d. net.
- The Dawn of Day.* Illustrated. S.P.C.K. 1s.
- A History of Some French Kings.* By Blanche Behm. Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.
- The Gospel of Expediency.* By Cedric Barington. George Routledge and Co. 6s.
- The Pageant of My Day.* By Major Gambier-Parry. Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.
- Constructive Socialism.* By Harold A. Russell. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 3s. 6d.
- October Vagabonds.* By Richard Le Gallienne. Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty.
- Overland to India.* By Sven Hedin. 2 vols. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co. 30s. net.
- Interludes (Fifth Series). Being Three Essays and Some Verses.* By Horace Smith. Macmillan and Co. 5s.
- The Day's Burden: Studies Literary and Political.* By T. M. Kettle, M.P. Maunsell and Co., Dublin. 2s. 6d. net.
- How to Write a Novel. A Practical Guide to the Art of Fiction.* Alexander Moring. 3s. 6d.

THEOLOGY

- The Religions and Philosophies of the East.* By J. M. Kennedy. T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.
- Paul and Paulinism.* By James Moffat, D.D. Constable and Co. 1s. net.
- Sin and Its Forgiveness.* By William de Witt Hyde. Constable and Co. 1s. net.
- The House by the Cherry Tree. A Second Series of Little Homilies to Women in Country Places.* By Elizabeth Waterhouse. Methuen and Co. 2s. net.
- The Nature and Evidence of the Resurrection of Christ.* By the Rev. E. H. Archer-Shepherd, M.A. Rivingtons. 2s. 6d. net.
- The Daily Walk.* By Alexander Smellie, D.D. Andrew Melrose. 6d. net.
- The Church and Social Betterment.* By J. Wilson Harper, D.D. 2nd Edition. The Grant Educational Co. 1s.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

- Persia and Turkey in Revolt.* By David Fraser. Illustrated. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 12s. 6d. net.
- The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift, D.D., 1690-1712.* Edited by F. Elrington Ball. With an Introduction by the Very Rev. J. H. Bernard, D.D., Dean of St. Patrick's. Vol. I. Illustrated. G. Bell and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.

- The History of English Secular Embroidery.* By M. A. Jourdain. Illustrated. Kegan Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.
- Rodolphe Christen: The Story of an Artist's Life.* By His Wife. Illustrated. Longmans, Green and Co. 21s. net.
- The Italian Poets since Dante, accompanied by Verse Translations.* By William Everett. Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.
- Studies of a Biographer.* By Leslie Stephen. Vol. I. Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.
- George Meredith: Sa Vie. Son Imagination. Son Art. Sa Doctrine.* By Constantin Photiadès. Illustrated. Armand Colin, Paris. 3fr. 50c.
- Donatello (Les Maîtres de l'Art.)* By E. Bertaux. Illustrated. Plon-Nourrit and Co., Paris. 3fr. 50c.
- A History of British Mammals.* By Gerald E. H. Barrett-Hamilton, B.A., F.Z.S. Illustrated by Edward A. Wilson, B.A. Part II. Gurney and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.
- The Life of Oliver Goldsmith.* By Frank Frankfort Moore. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 12s. 6d. net.
- Frank Brangwyn and His Work.* By Walter Shaw-Sparrow. Illustrated. Kegan Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.
- Memories of Eighty Years.* By John Beddoe, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. With Portrait Frontispiece. J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 7s. 6d. net.
- Geschichte der Malerei Neapels.* By Wilhelm Roßfs. Illustrated. E. A. Seemann, Leipzig. 25 marks.
- Notes of a Life.* By John Stuart Blackie. Edited by his Nephew, A. Stodart Walker. Portrait Frontispiece. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s. net.

FICTION

- The Siege of the Seven Suitors.* By Meredith Nicholson. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 6s.
- The Latent Force.* By Lieut.-Col. E. C. Thwaytes. John Ouseley. 6s.
- Blair's Ken.* By William Sylvester Walker. ("Coo-Ee."). John Ouseley. 6s.
- Lost Endeavour.* By John Masefield. Frontispiece in Colour. T. Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.
- The Were-Wolf.* By Wm. B. Beattie. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
- The Mistress of Shenstone.* By Florence L. Barclay. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.
- Master of the Vineyard.* By Myrtle Reed. Coloured Frontispiece. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.
- Chains.* By Edward Noble. Constable and Co. 6s.
- The Faithful Failure.* By Rosamond Napier. Duckworth and Co. 6s.
- My Change of Mind: A Story of the Power of Faith.* By E. L. Atkey. 2nd Edition. The Garden City Press, Letchworth. 1s. 6d. net.

VERSE

- Love's Protest.* By Robert Calignoc. G. Bell and Sons. 1s. net.
- Fioralisa, a Romantic Drama in Three Acts and a Pageant.* By Arthur Maquerie. Bickers and Son. 3s. 6d. net.
- Pygmalion and the Statue: A Love Poem.* By Robert Whitehouse. Simpkin and Co. 1s. net.
- The Tulip Tree and Other Poems.* By Robert J. Kerr. 3rd Edition. Cambridge and Co., Dublin. 2s. 6d.
- Memorial Edition of the Works of George Meredith, 24, 25. Poems.* 2 vols. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net each.
- At Various Times. A Book of Verses by the Author of "The Professor," &c.* Kegan Paul and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
- Fallen Leaves.* By R. G. Worthley. The Author, Brompton Park, near Adelaide, S. Australia. 1s.

JUVENILE

- Golden Sunbeams: A Church Magazine for Children.* Vol. XIV. S.P.C.K. 1s. 4d.
- Alice in Wonderland.* By Lewis Carroll. Pictured by Mabel Lucie Attwell. Raphael Tuck and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.
- Father Tuck's Annual. Stories and Poems Illustrated.* Raphael Tuck and Sons. 3s. 6d.
- The Heroes: Greek Fairy Tales for my Children.* By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated by George Soper. Headley Bros. 5s.
- Two Dover Boys, or Captured by Corsairs.* By Gertrude Hollis. Illustrated by W. A. Stott. Blackie and Son. 2s. 6d.

The Manor House School. By Angela Brazil. Illustrated by A. A. Dixon. Blackie and Son. 2s. 6d.
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